INSIDE: A MAGNIFICENT 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT

ARCTIC DOCTOR

A DRAMATIC REAL-LIFE STORY OF PERIL IN THE FROZEN WILDS

Week ending September 25 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Begins this week

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

A great new novel by

AGATHA CHRISTIE

REVEAL *your natural loveliness*

. . . with Knight's Castile

Anne has an unspoiled charm—a warm, friendly smile—above all, a lovely skin. She's attractive to men . . . *naturally*. Like Anne, you too will find that Knight's Castile makes the most of your natural beauty. This kindest, mildest of soaps is made with skill and care from a blend of purified oils. Its lather is rich and soft, its perfume delicate and refreshing. Knight's Castile so gently floats away the film of dust to reveal the natural loveliness of your skin.

makes the most of your natural beauty

KC406-393 *Distributors: Hudson & Knight Limited*

. . . for the **ENERGY OF IT!**

for the sheer **PLEASURE OF IT!**

drink LUCOZADE

Lucozade contains Glucose to provide energy. But it not only does good — it tastes good too. Its unique and refreshing flavour will quench your thirst and stimulate your appetite. *For the energy of it — for the sheer pleasure of it*, drink Lucozade wherever you go.

LUCOZADE

the sparkling **GLUCOSE** *drink*

REPLACES LOST ENERGY

Used by Doctors and Nurses in Hospitals and Clinics.

LUCOZADE LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

royds 143/E1/54

EDITORIAL

Never too old

IF there were more old people like Mrs. Sarah Stringer, there would be fewer worried faces at the Ministry of National Insurance and Pensions. Mrs. Stringer visited Lime Grove studios to become the oldest person ever to appear on TV. She will be a hundred next April.

Then she went back to her house in Glenrosa Street, Fulham. "I live by myself, look after myself, and do my own shopping," she says. "I make my own hats, take a Bible class—and dance. I have a happy disposition."

SHE is not now what Whitehall calls "gainfully employed," but at any time in the last forty years—that is, since she reached the woman's pension age of sixty — Mrs. Stringer could have done a good part-time job of light work, perhaps at home.

"I make my own hats—and dance"

So could many other old men and women who are retired in their sixties while still hale and capable. They are promptly added to the colossal total of four million pensioners to be carried by the working population of younger people.

The worry at the Ministry — to say nothing of the Treasury—is caused by the fact that the proportion of pensioners to workers is growing fast. It has doubled since the first World War to its present figure of one in eight. By 1977, it is likely to be one in five.

Meanwhile, the "expectation of life" is still rising. The longer people live, the more old ones there are in the population. Every baby born now is likely to live to be at least seventy. Many people still die in youth, of course, but the average is made up by millions who live to be eighty, ninety and even a hundred.

Nearly all draw retirement pensions. Even at present levels of pensions, 32s. 6d. single and 54s. married, the National Insurance Fund is nearly broke. Within fourteen years the taxpayer will have to add at least £274 million a year to contributors' payments.

THERE is only one way out. It is to allow old people to go on working after the present retiring ages—which vary from sixty to sixty-five in various industries, after which there is nothing for most, as things stand.

Unfortunately there is prejudice among both employers and trade unions against keeping older people at work. Those younger people who distrust the ability of the old 'uns to pull their weight might take a lesson from Sir Winston Churchill, at eighty, Bertrand Russell, aged eighty-two—or Sarah Stringer, aged ninety-nine.

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Part 1) *by Agatha Christie* 11
SUSPICION *by Jonas Lamptey* 20
RAFFLES AND THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR *by Barry Perowne* 34

Non-Fiction

THREE DAYS WHEN VICTORY SLIPPED FROM OUR GRASP *by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart* 16
SYDNEY BRIEFEL PUTS THE SPARKLE INTO DIAMONDS *by Rex Grizell* 19
JEANNE DRESSES TV WITH A MAGIC TOUCH *by Joan Powe* 22
THE MAN THE RUSSIANS TRIED TO KILL (Part 2) *by David Tutaev* 40

Supplement

ARCTIC DOCTOR *by J. P. Moody and W. Van Embden* 25-32

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6.
CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT: 42. WHO'S WHO?: 47

Everyone's sweet on

Maltesers

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

SAUSAGE ROLLS

for supper— what a good idea!

RECIPE FOR

Sausage Rolls

Flaky pastry
(see the McDougall Cookery Book)
1lb. sausages
a little beaten egg

Dip sausages in cold water, slit and remove skins. Flour the sausages and make into two rolls, each about 14" long. Roll out pastry into a thin strip, trim off edges, and divide in half (lengthways). Brush edges with egg, put a roll of sausage on each strip. Roll up, pressing securely at the edge; then cut each roll into 6 with a sharp knife and mark twice across the top with the back of the knife. Brush with egg and place on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake for 20 mins.

Regulo 8 440° F. Middle Shelf

No sausage rolls ever taste quite so delicious as home-made ones, hot from the oven. But to be sure of success, use McDougall's self-raising flour. Creamy-white and easy to handle, McDougall's is made from only the finest wheats, milled and blended to McDougall's own strict standards — so that every batch, every bagful and every spoonful is *exactly* the same. That's why you can expect perfect results *every* time when you say 'Me for McDougall's!'.

McDougall's

the SELF-RAISING FLOUR *that never varies*

57A

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
SEPT. 25, 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2517 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

They always put profit first

MY son, who is twenty-four, has just taken a first-class honours degree at a university, after completing his national service.

Both my husband and I have been surprised by the number of people who have said, on hearing his age: "Oh, he'll be getting married soon." Some of them add: "You'll never get back what you have spent on him."

It made us realize how many people there are who never do anything without thought of return. We shall feel well rewarded if our son turns his present success to good account, and would not mind if he got married tomorrow.—MRS. M. W., Rochester, Kent.

The New Link

TALKING to a shoe repairer recently, I expressed sympathy because a chain store had opened a business opposite. I thought he would be losing a lot of custom. He assured me that, in fact, he had gained by it, as the chain store often sent him new customers when it was busy.

I found this very gratifying in these days when it is sometimes assumed that a big store has little regard for the welfare of its smaller rivals.—A. ANDREWS, Fentham Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

What's A Million?

AT a dinner a few weeks ago, I heard a millionaire shipowner confess in a speech that he had achieved his boyhood dream of owning a gleaming white yacht. In the library of his country home were housed all the books he had longed to possess in his youth, and he now owned a fleet of cars.

It was seven years, he said, since he had seen the yacht, he never found time to read, and the only car he used was the one that took him to the office each morning. What was worse, his family had grown up without him finding very much time to spend with them.

This man may be a great industrialist, but what is the point of his kind of success if it brings no leisure to enjoy with loved ones the gracious things in life that money makes possible? — MISS HILDA KING-PALMER, Gloucester Avenue, London, N.W.1.

A Catch In It

ON a recent visit to Copenhagen I was intrigued to see the way the Danes keep their fish "on ice." Instead of scrapping old canal boats they bore them with holes, fit them with decks and a trapdoor, and submerge them in the city's canals. In these wooden tanks, they are able

to keep their surplus catch alive until required.—JOHN P. BRANDON, Woodstock Avenue, Grangetown, Sunderland.

One of these converted boats is shown ringed in our photograph of Hojbro Square, Copenhagen, where fish is often sold alive. The statue is of Absalon, the founder of Copenhagen.

Norman Conquest

YOUR correspondent, Mrs. Jean Weston, certainly made a happy choice of gifts to remind her Austrian friends of England ("Free Speech," September 4). I used to live in Caen, Normandy, and one of my friends there sometimes asked me to bring her back a tea pot, if she knew I was visiting England. She used it at what she called "the five o'clock," and she was highly amused when I provided her with a tea cosy. Other gifts she appreciated were: a plum pudding and a jar of mincemeat—for a real English Christmas dinner—and, as she enjoyed singing, a selection of English songs. I have since returned to Normandy many times, but I have never been in difficulty over what to take for presents. — MRS. MARY BRIDGWOOD, Whitcombe Road, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

Background Boost

WE were asked by our son's headmaster at a parents' meeting last term to provide a quiet room where he could do his homework free from the noise of radio, television or family chatter. When we did this, his homework marks dropped. Puzzled, I asked him for an explanation. He said: "I'm sorry, but I just can't concentrate in there—it's so quiet."

I believe children can become almost unconscious of noise, and they don't notice it until it stops.—MRS. L. V., London, S.W.9.

Many people find it easier to concentrate against a background of noise, says a doctor — probably

Continued on page 6

BENNY HILL

by John Ennis

He's a twenty-nine year old star who wonders if fame has come too soon. The story of his £400-a-week success is told

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE STORY OF TEA No. 6 (No. 7 will appear in the Oct. 30 issue) ★

Tea being loaded on to river boat (Assam)

Homeward bound . . .

WHEN THE FRESHLY PLUCKED TEA has been processed, it is packed at the garden factory into chests lined with aluminium foil to ensure its arrival in this country in perfect condition for first-class blending.

The name of the garden and other identification marks are stencilled on the chests.

In the first stages of transport from the tea garden, the modern rubs shoulders with the mediaeval. On some roads panniered donkeys and bullock carts are the only means of conveyance possible, making their way to the nearest waterway with its quaint river boats, or to a railhead. On better roads, motor trucks are used.

At the port, where once the famous tea clippers eagerly waited, less romantic but speedier ships are now berthed, ready to bring the tea to this country.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens – more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world – with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. And Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories, each serving its own part of the country. From these the little red vans rush weekly supplies of fresh Brooke Bond tea to more than 150,000 shops.

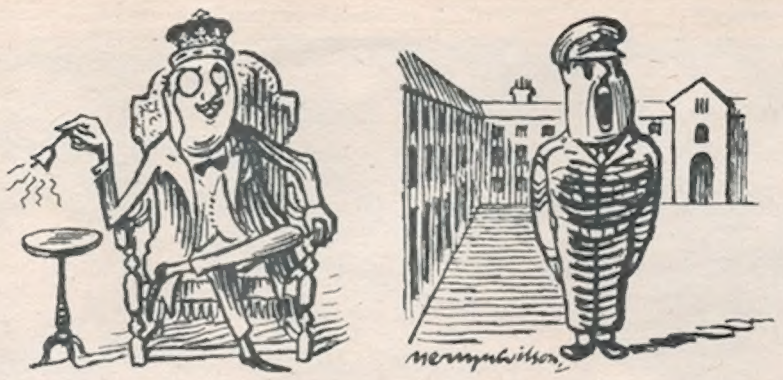
Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day.

Brooke Bond

good tea - and FRESH!

We *specially* recommend

★ **Schoolchildren are recommended to cut out this series of nine instructional subjects on tea.**



Dukes ring a bell for it
Drill-sergeants yell for it

Good wholesome beer

Farm hands make hay for it
Visitors stay for it
The regulars favour it

Good wholesome beer

Let's have one at The Local

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY · 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Wearra *All-the-year-rounders*

The 405.
GLACE KID COMFORT SHOE
Substantial leather sole.
In Black and Brown.

Slim *Medium* *Broad*

from 49/9

For latest folder of styles and name of nearest Appointed Agent write to:
WEARRA SHOES LTD., IRTHLINGBOROUGH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

because it is so unusual to find complete quiet in modern life.

. . . I had a brother who was a dockyard riveter. When machine riveting was introduced, he became so deaf that we had to shout to make him hear, unless it happened to be very noisy at the time. Then, he could hear a whisper, and would tell us not to shout.—MRS. L. FRANCIS, East Meon, Petersfield, Hampshire.

Highway Help

MANY lives could be saved on the roads if an examination in first aid were included in the driving test. Only two weeks ago a death was prevented here because a driver knew how to stop a wound bleeding.—F. HARRIES, Dolau Road, New Dock, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.

In most towns, short courses in first aid are run by the St. John Ambulance Association. The courses consist of six two-hour lectures, usually given by doctors, and certificates are issued to students successful at a final examination. The association also runs courses in home nursing, the clean handling of food and the care of animals.

Footing The Bill

IF the fighting of fires is to be treated as a matter for national concern (JOHN BULL Editorial, August 21), the Government grant to the fire services should be increased. It is only twenty-five per cent of the cost, compared with fifty per cent paid to the police forces. Fire insurance companies, which benefit from efficient fire services, should also contribute.—JOHN MACDONALD, Shafton Place, Glasgow, W.3.

Trial Run

WHEN I called on some friends the other evening, I found them setting out two rows of chairs in the lounge. The father told me that his twelve - year - old daughter was being sent alone to stay with relatives, and they were rehearsing all that might happen on the train journey. Her parents played the parts of the railway staff, and the little girl finished by filling in a telegram form saying that she had arrived safely. I was not surprised to hear later that the trip went without a hitch.—CHARLES MARSHALL, Artisan View, Sheffield.

Midday Warning

I FOLLOWED Elspeth Huxley's story, "A Thing To Love," with great interest because it reminded me of the time I lived in Kenya. That was just before the trouble, but I recall a most unusual incident which seemed to distress the Africans. At about noon one day the clouds passing over a blue sky suddenly became tinged with red, as if at sunset or sunrise. We Europeans admired the beauty of this strange sight, but the Africans shook their heads. They said that the red clouds were a sign of much blood to be spilt in the land.—MRS. B. W. ROBERTSON, Quentin Road, London, S.E.13.

Self Service

WHILE waiting in a dentist's surgery recently, I began to wonder who gave dental attention to the dentist when he required it. I

thought it was probably one of his colleagues, but I was surprised to hear from the receptionist that the dentist administered to himself all the treatment he required.

I think I can claim a normal dislike for the dentist's chair, but it must require more than average courage to operate on oneself.—E. R. STAMP, Gillingham, Kent.

Many dentists give themselves treatment, and some complicated work has been done in this way, including fillings, inlays and bridges.

Record Rescue?

AS a member of a life-saving organization, I can visualize the hazards confronting the men who went to aid the Clan Macquarrie ("The Great Storm," August 28). I note that the author, Mr. Lennox Kerr, states that never had so many as sixty-six men been rescued by breeches buoy before. During the war, two destroyers ran aground at Whitburn, near Sunderland, and we brought 286 men ashore in this way. But conditions were by no means comparable with those during the storm.—A. E. SNELL, Assistant Secretary, Roker Volunteer Life Brigade, Sunderland.

All life-saving organizations were once privately run. Nearly all were taken over by the Board of Trade a hundred years ago. Only four independent ones survive—at Roker, Sunderland South Pier, Tynemouth and South Shields. They are financed chiefly by voluntary subscriptions.

Tourist Tips

AFTER a fortnight's cycling tour in the South of England, I can assure restaurant proprietors that they gain nothing by giving bad service. In youth hostels on our route we received many useful tips from other tourists about where to eat, and these we passed on if we found the service satisfactory.

The proprietor who takes advantage of tourists passing through the

THIS WEEK'S COVER

BRITAIN'S pets cost over £70 million a year. Not surprising, with a dog, cat and cage-bird population of about 11,000,000. No one has had the temerity to count the host of golden hamsters, rabbits, white mice, goldfish, monkeys, snakes and tortoises. For in no other country are there so many family pets, so much respected. This week's clash of interests, seen in an Eastbourne shop, never arises in Charles Wood's home. There, a Siamese cat, Cheng, lords it unchallenged, as befits an ancient temple breed—though she has brought into the garden from the surrounding Downs a whole menagerie of hedgehogs, shrews and moles.

it had to come . . .

this great new settee-bed development which gives, at last, a full 5 in. deep spring interior mattress . . .

that folds away into the most luxurious settee imaginable!

Now you must change your ideas about settee-beds . . . for the revolutionary new PUT-U-UP kingbed suites bring you bedroom and sitting room comfort and beauty that is a challenge to ordinary settees and beds.

No longer is the settee-bed a compromise. A luxurious 5 in. deep spring interior mattress rests upon a helical-and-mesh spring base with patented levelizer to support the bed centre and prevent centre sagging—assuring you of the best night's rest you'll ever have plus a lifetime of bedtime luxury. Equally comfortable, too, is the settee with low, pitched-back seat, three loose cushions, latex foam or spring-filled according to model, and lightly sprung back. There's never a suspicion of the bed so cleverly concealed inside the deep resilient upholstery.

No compromise but an elegant settee affording comfort of the highest order.

The PUT-U-UP kingbed range is the latest and most brilliant solution of the space problem. The problem that PUT-U-UP have been solving for over half a century!

PUT-U-UP kingbeds from £31.13:6. Spring interior mattress 10 gns. extra. Easy chairs for all models

naturally it had to be PUT-U-UP . . . ask to see the new

PUT·U·UP kingbed suites

REGD. TRADE MARK — PATENT APPLIED FOR

at your furnishers

VISIT the BLUE RIBBON FURNITURE Showrooms:
3, Princes St., Regent St., W.1. Wolfenden St., Bolton. 259 Sauchiehall St., Glasgow, C.2. 11, St. Nicholas Lane, Aberdeen.

POST COUPON TODAY

Greaves & Thomas Ltd., Dept. JBK, Clapton, E.5. Please send illustrated booklet giving all details and full range of PUT-U-UP kingbed Suites.

Name

Address

Add the name of your own preferred Furnisher if you would like his further help—of course without obligation.

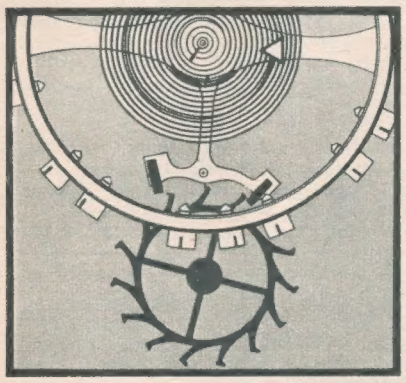
TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

He's two men!

THE MAKER of the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a craftsman in the old sense. He has the master craftsman's age-old inherited knack of hand; his endless patience; his refusal to pass the least last detail till it's dead right.

But he's also a technician of the 1950's. When he needs the world's latest watchmaking machinery, it's at his side; using precision tools is second nature to him.

It's thanks to this rare two-sided skill that the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a small masterpiece—a lastingly reliable timekeeper and a thing of beauty. Ask a qualified jeweller to show you these watches and give you expert advice.



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

"Our First Real Home"

written personally by the

DUCHESS of WINDSOR

To ILLUSTRATED has come the privilege of being the only publication in Britain authorised to publish this appealing Royal Narrative. It begins, as a series, in the issue out Wednesday, September 29.

Never have the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had a home of their own. Now, at last, their dreams have come true and the Duchess herself has written the intimate story of it all!

As the Duchess' story unfolds, many beautiful pictures, some in full-colour, will take you to the old mill outside Paris, now the Royal Residence. You will see it remodelled and decorated. You will see the Duke and Duchess surrounded by their cherished possessions. The rooms, furnishings, colour schemes, the Royal ideas of homemaking—all are recorded in photogravure—a souvenir that is historic and deeply human!

The demand for ILLUSTRATED will be overwhelming. Place an order with your newsagent at once!

ILLUSTRATED

OUT WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, PRICE 4d.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

town may gain once. But in the long run he does serious harm to his custom. I remember one large restaurant where a party of fifteen might have called had they not been warned. Instead, they took their trade to a smaller restaurant across the street, which had been recommended by friends. I returned from my holiday with a useful list of cafés and restaurants which gave good service—and a black list of places to be avoided. — TOM WILLIAMS, Cherry Avenue, Walton, Liverpool, 4.

Miles Of Garden

HOW much more beautiful our countryside would be if, instead of destroying wild flowers by chemicals (JOHN BULL Editorial, September 4), we were to copy an elderly couple

who were friends of an American relative of mine. When they went for a car ride they took a packet of flower seeds, and at each stop they scattered a few seeds in the hedgerow. They were determined to make the countryside more lovely for those who passed by later.—MRS. V. LATHAM, Queen's Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

The American couple had a famous forerunner in John Chapman, better known as Johnny Appleseed. Wearing sackcloth and carrying a Bible, he travelled barefoot through Ohio, scattering seeds or setting plants. Occasionally he would present a settler with a seedling of spruce—or a few apple seeds. He died in his seventies in 1847.

Fishing For A Crown

DURING a holiday in Bavaria, I saw a most intriguing custom carried out in the small medieval town of Memmingen. Through the middle of the town flows a small stream, and into this waded dozens of men, each armed with a net, to compete for the title, "King of Fishermen."

I was told that each spring about two thousand trout are released into the stream. In the following August

the contest is held. The winner is the man who lands the biggest catch. —JOHN BARRATT, Ilford, Essex.

Choosing the "King of Fishermen" is a centuries-old custom. Our photograph shows a contest in progress.

Chapel Boycott

THE story by Cledwyn Hughes about the man who hated modern methods of farming ("The Corn Harvest," August 28) recalls an amusing tale my father used to tell. When a harmonium was bought for the chapel in the North Wales village where I was born, the older members of the congregation revolted. Whenever a hymn was played, a few of them would leave the building and stand outside until the singing was over. They returned inside for the reading of the Lesson—to repeat the performance as soon as the harmonium started to play again. They called it: "The instrument of Satan," and it was months before they accepted it. — REV. J. LLOYD WOODHOUSE, Brookside Terrace, Sunderland.

Whose Money?

I NOTICE that money found in a shop ("Consider Your Verdict," September 4) is said to belong to the finder if it remains unclaimed. Yet unclaimed property found on a bus belongs to the bus company, and that found on a train is claimed by British Railways. This seems to be a strange contradiction of the law.—P. BELL, Kendal Street, Carlisle, Cumberland.

By regulations made under various statutes, railways, bus companies and other operators of public transport may insist on property found on their vehicles being surrendered.

Go Ahead, Please

WHEN I made a telephone call to my mother from a call box the other day, the line went dead soon after we had started our conversation. I had only a sixpence in my purse, so I rang the exchange. The operator promised to reconnect me, but said: "If the subscriber sounds surprised to hear you, you will have to put in your sixpence."

When my mother answered, she said: "Well, that was bad luck. I suppose you've put in another threepence." It didn't need the operator to tell me to go ahead. But I wonder what would have happened if my father had answered the second call. —MRS. F. H., Croydon, Surrey.

Pit Production

A FEW weeks ago I made a return visit to a coalmine at which I worked as a Bevin Boy during the war. I was amazed to see the changes that have been made since I left eight years ago. When I went along to the underground stables to have a chat with the pony keeper, I was surprised to see that he has only a dozen ponies to look after now. At one time the stables held a hundred.

When I asked him how he filled in his time, he laughed and beckoned me to follow. In several of the empty stalls he was growing mushrooms. He told me they were sold at a local shop.—J. T. COOPER, Surrey.

Ideal conditions exist in a pit stable for growing mushrooms—darkness, an even temperature and a good supply of manure. In 1942 there were 26,000 ponies in the pits compared with 14,190 today.

DON CAMILLO

COMES TO JOHN BULL

Full details on page 17

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

It's time again to plan and plant
for a colourful, fragrant Spring
in your house and garden.
Plant daffodils, tulips
and hyacinths now.
Buy the best bulbs
and ask your seedsman's advice
on how to plant them.

Tried biting Moonlight?

CRUNCHIE — exhilarating as a summer night, enchanting as a dream, light and sweet as an evening breeze, thrilling as moonlight! Taste the luscious flavour of it, munch its crispy, golden centre — CRUNCHIE munching is really something!

4D

CRUNCHIE

makes exciting biting!

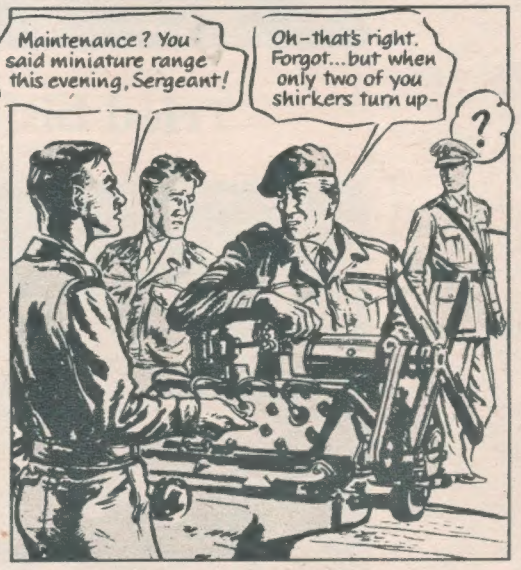
For the sheer pleasure of choosing...

... choose Quality Street with its eighteen gaily-wrapped varieties of delicious toffees and chocolates—amongst them Chocolate Noisette Paté, Chocolate Toffee Cup, Chocolate Cream Brazil, Dessert Toffee, Chocolate Truffle.

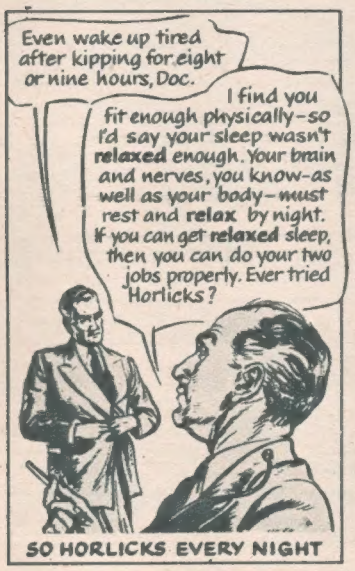
Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'
REG?

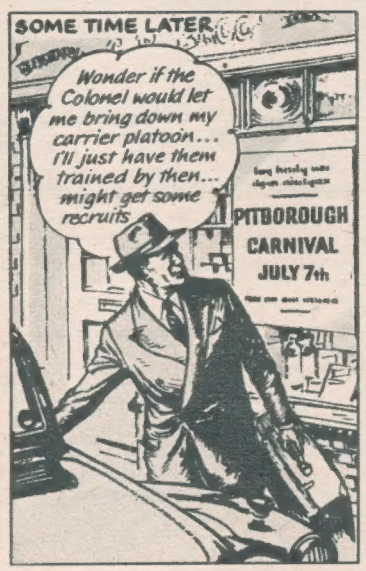
JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LIMITED, HALIFAX

On Parade


Maintenance? You said miniature range this evening, Sergeant!
Oh-that's right. Forgot...but when only two of you shirkers turn up-
?

... I feel so tired the whole time these days, sir. I can't even do my salesman's job properly
If you feel like that, hadn't you better see the doctor?


Even wake up tired after kipping for eight or nine hours, Doc.
I find you fit enough physically - so I'd say your sleep wasn't relaxed enough. Your brain and nerves, you know - as well as your body - must rest and relax by night. If you can get relaxed sleep, then you can do your two jobs properly. Ever tried Horlicks?
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT


SOME TIME LATER
Wonder if the Colonel would let me bring down my carrier platoon... I'll just have them trained by then... might get some recruits
PITBOROUGH
CARNIVAL
JULY 7th

THE TERRITORIAL "SOCIAL"
Thanks to Sergeant-Major Ward's efforts during the last six months, 'B' Company's up to strength!
Good old Warhorse Ward!
WHISPERS
I'm a better salesman now, too, dear - thanks to Horlicks!
HORLICKS

If there's a T.A. Drill Hall near you, why not call in?

AGATHA CHRISTIE, world best-seller, writes an exciting new mystery novel—the story of a journey to a . . .

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

THE MAN BEHIND THE DESK moved a heavy glass paper-weight four inches to the right. His face was not so much thoughtful or abstracted as expressionless. He had the pale complexion that comes from living most of the day in artificial light. This man, you felt, was an indoor man. A man of desks and files. The fact that to reach his office you had to walk through long, twisting underground corridors was somehow strangely appropriate. It would have been difficult to guess his age. He looked neither old nor young. His face was smooth and unwrinkled, and in his eyes was a great tiredness.

The other man in the room was older. He was dark, with a small, military moustache. There was about him an alert, nervous energy. Even now, unable to sit still, he was pacing up and down, from time to time throwing off a remark in a jerky manner.

"Reports!" he said explosively. "Reports, reports and more reports, and none of them any damn good! Seen on the Riviera, noticed in Antwerp, definitely identified in Oslo, noticed walking in the streets in Brussels with a greyhound. Hasn't been seen yet in the Zoo with his arm round a zebra, but I dare say that will come."

"You've no particular fancy yourself, Wharton?" the man at the desk asked hesitantly. "Personally, I had hopes of the Antwerp report, but it hasn't led to anything. Of course, by now. . . ." He stopped speaking and seemed to go into a coma.

Colonel Wharton sat down abruptly on the arm of a chair.

"But we've got to find out," he said insistently. "You can't lose a tame scientist every month or so and have no idea *how* they go or *why* they go or *where*. Is it where we think—or isn't it? We've always taken it for granted that it is, but now I'm not so sure. You've read all the new dope on Betterton from America?"

The man behind the desk nodded. "Usual Left Wing tendencies at the period when everyone had them. Nothing of a lasting or permanent nature as far as can be found out. Did sound work before the war, though nothing spectacular. When Mannheim escaped from Germany, Betterton was assigned as assistant to him, and ended by marrying Mannheim's daughter. After Mannheim's death he carried on, on his own, and did brilliant work. He leaped into fame with his discovery of ZE Fission, and seemed all set for a brilliant career over there, but his wife died soon after their marriage and he was all broken up over it. He came to England and has been at Harwell for the last eighteen months. Just six months ago he married again."

"Anything there?" asked Wharton sharply.

The other man shook his head. "Not that we can find

The handle turned, the locked door opened, and the man looked across the room. Still holding the first tablet, Hilary stared at his reflection, too startled to move

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

out. She's the daughter of a local solicitor. Worked in an insurance office before her marriage. No violent political affinities, so far as we've been able to discover."

"What do they say of Betterton at Harwell?"

"Quite a pleasant personality. No outstanding or spectacular new work. Just variations on the practical applications of ZEF."

Both men were silent a moment. Their conversation had been desultory, almost automatic.

"Eighteen months of secret work," said Wharton thoughtfully. "It gets 'em down, you known. Security precautions, the feeling of being perpetually under the microscope, the cloistered life. They get nervy, queer. I've seen it often enough. They begin to dream of an ideal world. Freedom and brotherhood, and pool-all-secrets and work for the good of humanity!" He rubbed his nose. "Nobody's so gullible as the scientist," he said. "Can't quite see why."

The other smiled, a very tired smile.

"Oh, yes," he said. "They think they *know*, you see. That's always dangerous." He tapped thoughtfully on the table with his finger. "If I only knew a little more about Betterton," he said. "Not his life and his actions, but the revealing, everyday things. What sort of jokes he laughed at. What made him swear. Whom he admired and who made him mad."

Wharton looked at him curiously. "What about the wife—you've tried her?"

"Several times."

"Can't she help?"

The other shrugged. "She hasn't so far."

"You think she knows something?"

"She doesn't admit, of course, that she knows anything. All the established reactions: worry, grief, desperate anxiety, no cue or suspicion beforehand, husband's life perfectly normal, no stress of any kind—and so on and so on. Her own theory is that he's been kidnapped."

"And you don't believe her?"

"I'm handicapped," said the man behind the desk bitterly. "I never believe anybody. She's here to see me now. We shall go over all the same ground again."

"It's the only way," said Wharton. "*I* couldn't do it, though. Haven't got the patience."

He got up. "Well, I won't keep you. We've not got much farther, have we?"

"Unfortunately, no. You might do a special check up on the Oslo report. It's a likely spot."

Wharton nodded and went out. The other man picked up his telephone and said: "I'll see Mrs. Betterton now. Send her in."

He sat staring into space until there was a tap on the door and Mrs. Betterton was shown in. She was a tall woman, about twenty-seven years of age. The most noticeable thing about her was a magnificent head of auburn red hair. Beneath the splendour of this, her face seemed almost insignificant. She had the blue eyes and light eyelashes that so often go with red hair.

She was wearing no make-up, he noticed. He considered the significance of that while he was greeting her, settling her comfortably in a chair near the desk. It inclined him very slightly to the belief that Mrs. Betterton knew more than she had said she knew.

In his experience, women suffering from violent grief and anxiety did not neglect their make-up. Aware of the ravages grief made in their appearance, they did their best to repair those ravages. He wondered if Mrs. Betterton calculatingly abstained from make-up, the better to sustain the part of the distracted wife.

She said now, rather breathlessly, "Oh, Mr. Jessop, I do hope—is there any news?"

He shook his head and said gently: "I'm so sorry to ask you to come up like this, Mrs. Betterton. I'm afraid we haven't got any definite news for you."

Olive Betterton said quickly: "Oh! I was glad to come up. Just sitting at home wondering and brooding—that's the worst of it all. Because there's nothing one can do!"

The man called Jessop said soothingly: "You mustn't mind, Mrs. Betterton, if I go over the same ground again and again, ask you the same questions. It's always possible that some small point *might* arise. Something that you haven't thought of before, or perhaps hadn't thought worth mentioning."

"Yes. Yes, I understand. Ask me all over again about everything."

"The last time you saw your husband was on the twenty-third of August, when he left England to go to Paris to a conference there?"

"Yes."

"He attended the first two days of the conference. The third day he did not turn up. Apparently he had mentioned to one of his colleagues that he was going instead for a trip on a small boat along the Seine." He looked at her sharply. "Does that strike you as unlike your husband?"

She said doubtfully: "It does, rather. I should have thought he'd be so keen on what was going on at the conference. Still, they might have been discussing something he wasn't very interested in." She shook her head.

"He did not return that evening to his hotel," went on Jessop. "As far as can be ascertained, he did not pass any frontier, certainly not on his own passport. Do you think he could have had a second passport, in another name, perhaps?"

"Oh, no, why should he?"

He watched her. "You never saw such a thing in his possession?"

She shook her head with vehemence. "No, and I don't believe it. I don't believe it for a moment. I don't believe he went away deliberately, as you all try to make out. Something's happened to him, or else—or else perhaps he's lost his memory."

"His health had been quite normal?"

"Yes. He was working rather hard and sometimes felt a little tired; nothing more than that."

"He didn't seem worried in any way, or depressed?"

"He wasn't worried or depressed about *anything*!" With shaking fingers, she opened her bag and took out her handkerchief. "It's so awful." Her voice shook. "I can't believe it. He'd never have gone off without a word to me. Something's happened to him. He's been kidnapped or he's been attacked, perhaps. I try not to think about it but sometimes I feel that that must be the solution. He must be dead."

"Now please, Mrs. Betterton, please—there's no need to entertain that supposition yet. If he's dead, his body would have been discovered by now."

"It might not. Awful things happen. He might have been drowned or pushed down a sewer. I'm sure anything could happen in Paris."

"Paris, I can assure you, Mrs. Betterton, is a very well policed city."

She took the handkerchief away from her eyes and stared at him with sharp anger.

"I know what you think, but it isn't so! Tom wouldn't sell secrets or betray secrets. He wasn't a Communist. His whole life is an open book."

"What were his political beliefs, Mrs. Betterton?"

"He wasn't interested in politics. He was a scientist, first and last." She added defiantly, "He was a brilliant scientist."

"Yes," said Jessop, "he was a brilliant scientist. That's really the crux of the whole matter. He might have been offered, you know, very considerable inducements to leave this country and go elsewhere."

"It's not true." Anger leaped out again. "That's what the papers try to make out. That's what you all think when you come and question me. It's not true. He'd never go without telling me, without saying something."

Jessop held out the paper so that she could

"And he told you—nothing?" Again he watched her keenly.

"Nothing. I don't know where he is. I think he was kidnapped, or else, as I say, dead. But if he's dead, I must know. I must know soon. I can't go on like this, waiting and wondering. I can't eat or sleep. I'm sick and ill with worry. Can't you help me? Can't you help *at all*?"

Jessop got up then and moved round his desk. He murmured, "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Betterton, so very sorry. Let me assure you that we are trying our very best to find out what has happened to your husband." He paused and went on. "There was—forgive me for asking—no quarrel of any kind between you?"

"Oh, *no*!"

"No trouble over any other woman?"

"Of course not. We were only married last April."

"Please believe that I'm not suggesting such

read what he had written. "Know anyone of that name?" Her eyes widened; for a moment he thought she looked frightened. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I do"

a thing is likely, but one has to take every possibility into consideration that might account for his going off in this way. You say he was happy about his work? Did he discuss it all with you?"

"No, it was all so technical."

"You don't think he had any qualms over its—destructive possibilities, shall I say? Scientists do feel that sometimes."

"He never said anything of the kind."

"You see, Mrs. Betterton"—he leaned forward over the desk, dropping some of his impassiveness—"what I am trying to do is get a picture of your husband. What sort of man he was. And somehow you're not helping me."

"But what more can I say or do? I've answered all your questions."

"Yes, you've answered my questions, mostly in the negative. I want something positive, something constructive. Do you see what I mean? You can look for a man so much better when you know what kind of a man he is."

She thought a little. "I see. At least, I suppose I see. Well, Tom was cheerful and good tempered. And clever, of course."

"That's a list of qualities," said Jessop. "Now let's try and get more personal. What did he do with his leisure? Did he read much —play cards?"

OLIVE BETTERTON nodded. "He read a fair amount—biographies mostly, crime stories if he was tired. And he played bridge. We used to play with Dr. Evans and his wife once or twice a week."

"Did your husband have many friends—special friends or cronies?"

"No. You see, he'd been in America for so long, and he was born in Canada. He didn't know many people over here."

Jessop consulted a scrap of paper at his elbow.

"Three people visited him recently from the States, I understand. I have their names here. As far as we can discover, these three were the only people with whom he had recently made contact from *outside*, so to speak. That's why we've given them special attention. Now first, Walter Griffiths. He came to see you at Harwell."

"Yes, he was over in England on a visit and he came to look up Tom."

"And your husband's reactions?"

"Tom was surprised to see him, but very pleased. They'd known each other quite well in the States."

"What did this Griffiths seem like to you? Just describe him in your own way."

She reflected for a moment. "Well, he was solemn and rather long-winded. Very polite to me and seemed very fond of Tom and anxious to tell him about things that had happened after Tom had come to England. All local gossip, I suppose. It wasn't very interesting to me. Anyway, I was getting dinner ready while they were reminiscing."

"No questions of politics came up?"

"You're trying to hint he was a Communist." Olive Betterton's face flushed. "I'm sure he

Hilary peered through the window. The fog was very thick. "There's no need for alarm," said the hostess brightly. "We are landing you at Beauvais"

was nothing of the sort. He had some government job—in the District Attorney's office, I think."

"Please, please, Mrs. Betterton, now don't get upset."

"Tom wasn't a Communist! I keep telling you so and you don't believe me."

"Yes, I do, but the point is bound to come up. Now for the second contact from abroad, Dr. Mark Lucas. You ran across him in London, in the Dorset?"

SHE nodded. "We'd been to a show and were having supper at the Dorset afterwards. Suddenly this man Luke, or Lucas, came along and greeted Tom. He was a research chemist of some kind and the last time he had seen Tom was in the States. He was a German refugee who'd taken American nationality. But surely you——"

"But surely I know that? Yes, I do, Mrs. Betterton. Was your husband surprised to see him?"

"Yes, very surprised."

"Pleased?"

"Yes, yes—I think so——"

"But you're not sure?" he pressed her.

"Well, he was a man Tom didn't much care about, or so he told me afterwards, that's all."

"It was just a casual meeting? There was no arrangement made to meet at some future date?"

"No, it was just a casual encounter."

"I see. The third contact from abroad was a woman, Mrs. Carol Speeder, also from the States. How did that come about?"

"She'd known Tom in America, and she rang him up from London to say she was over here, and asked if we could come up and lunch one day."

"And did you?"

"No."

"*You* didn't, but your husband did!"

"What!" She stared.

"He didn't tell you?"

"No."

Olive Betterton looked rather bewildered and uneasy. The man questioning her felt a little sorry for her, but he did not relent. For the first time he thought he might be getting somewhere.

"I don't understand it," she said uncertainly. "It seems very odd he shouldn't have said anything about it to me."

"They lunched together at the Dorset where Mrs. Speeder was staying, on Wednesday, August the twelfth."

"August the twelfth?"

"Yes."

"Yes, he did go to London about then. . . . He never said anything——" She broke off again, and shot out a question. "What is she like?"

He answered quickly and reassuringly.

"Not at all a glamorous type, Mrs. Betterton. A competent young career woman of thirty odd, not particularly good looking. There's absolutely no suggestion of her having been on intimate terms with your husband. That is just why it's odd that he didn't tell you about the meeting."

"Yes, yes, I see that."

"Now think carefully, Mrs. Betterton. Did you notice any change in your husband about that time? About the middle of August, shall we say? That would be about a week before the conference."

"No—no, I noticed nothing. There was nothing to notice."

Jessop sighed. The instrument on his desk buzzed discreetly. He picked up the receiver. "Yes," he said.

The voice at the other end said, "There's a man who's asking to see someone in authority about the Betterton case, sir."

"What's his name?"

The voice at the other end coughed. "Well, I'm not exactly sure how you pronounce it, Mr. Jessop. Perhaps I'd better spell it."

"Right. Go ahead." He jotted down on his pad the letters as they came over the wire.

"Polish?" he said interrogatively when the name had been spelled out.

"He didn't say, sir. He speaks English quite well, but there's a bit of a foreign accent."

"Ask him to wait."

"Very good, sir."

Jessop replaced the telephone. Then he looked across at Olive Betterton. She sat there quite quietly with a disarming, hopeless placidity. He tore off the leaf on his desk pad with the name he had just written on it, and shoved it across to her.

"Know anyone of that name?" he asked.

Her eyes widened as she looked at it. For a moment he thought she looked frightened.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I do. He wrote to me."

"When?"

"Yesterday. He's a cousin of Tom's first wife. He's just arrived in this country. He was very concerned about Tom's disappearance. He wrote to ask if I had had any news and—and to give me his most profound sympathy."

"You'd never heard of him before that?"

She shook her head.

"Ever hear your husband speak of him?"

"No."

"So really he mightn't be your husband's first wife's cousin at all?"

OLIVE BETTERTON looked startled. "Well, no, I suppose not. I never thought of that. But Tom's first wife was a foreigner. She was Professor Mannheim's daughter. This man seemed to know about her and Tom in his letter. It was very correct and formal—and—foreign, you know. It seemed quite genuine. And anyway, what would be the point—if he weren't genuine, I mean?"

"Ah, that's what one always asks oneself." Jessop smiled faintly. "We do it so much here that we begin to see the smallest thing quite out of proportion!"

"Yes, I should think you might." She shivered suddenly and pushed back her hair from her forehead. "I can't stand it much longer, you know," she said. "Just sitting and waiting. I want to get away somewhere for a change. Abroad for choice. Somewhere where reporters won't ring me up all the time, and

people stare at me. I'm always meeting friends and they keep asking if I have had any news." She paused, then went on: "I think—I think I'm going to break down. I've tried to be brave, but it's too much for me. My doctor agrees. He says I ought to go right away somewhere for three or four weeks. He wrote me a letter. I'll show you."

She fumbled in her bag, took out an envelope and pushed it across the desk to Jessop. "You'll see what he says."

Jessop took the letter out of the envelope and read it.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I see." He put the letter back in the envelope.

"So—so it would be all right for me to go?" Her eyes watched him nervously.

"But of course, Mrs. Betterton," Jessop replied. He raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Why not?"

"I thought you might object."

"Object? Why? It's entirely your own business. You'll arrange it so that I can get in touch with you while you're away in case any news should come through."

"Oh, of course."

"Where were you thinking of going?"

"Somewhere where there is sun and not too many people. Spain or Morocco."

"Very nice. Do you a lot of good, I'm quite sure of it."

"Oh, thank you. Thank you very much." She rose, excited, elated—her nervousness still apparent.

JESSOP rose, shook hands with her, pressed the buzzer for a messenger to see her out. He went back to his chair and sat down. For a few moments his face remained as expressionless as before, then very slowly he smiled. He lifted the phone.

"I'll see Major Glydr now," he said.

He stood up when the man entered the room.

"Major Glydr?" He hesitated a little over the name.

"It is difficult, yes." The visitor spoke with humorous appreciation. "Your compatriots, they have called me Glider in the war. And now, in the States, I shall change my name to Glyn, which is more convenient for all."

"You come from the States now?"

"Yes, I arrive a week ago. You are—excuse me—Mr. Jessop?"

"I'm Jessop."

The other looked at him with interest. "So," he said. "I have heard of you."

"Indeed? From whom?"

The other smiled. "Perhaps we go too fast. Before you permit that I should ask you some questions, I present you first this letter from the U.S. Embassy."

He passed it with a bow. Jessop took it, read the few lines of polite introduction, put it down. He looked appraisingly at his visitor. A tall man, carrying himself rather stiffly, aged thirty or thereabouts. The fair hair was close cropped in the Continental fashion. The stranger's speech was slow and careful with a very definite foreign intonation, though grammatically correct. He was, Jessop noticed, not at all nervous or unsure of himself. That in itself was unusual. Most of the people who came into this office were nervous or excited or apprehensive. Sometimes they were shifty, sometimes vehement.

This was a man who had complete command of himself, a man with a poker face who knew what he was doing and why, and who would not easily be tricked or betrayed into saying more than he meant to say.

Jessop said pleasantly: "And what can we do for you?"

"I came to ask if you had any further news of Thomas Betterton, who disappeared recently in what seems a somewhat sensational manner. One cannot, I know, believe exactly what one reads in the press, so I ask where I can go for reliable information. They all tell me—*you*."

"You made a lucky change," said the porter. "That plane crashed. Almost everyone was killed"

"I'm sorry, we've no definite information about Betterton."

"I thought perhaps he might have been sent abroad on some mission." He paused and added rather quaintly: "You know, hush-hush."

"My dear sir." Jessop looked pained. "Betterton was a scientist, not a diplomat or a secret agent."

THE visitor bowed. "I am rebuked. But labels are not always correct. You will want to inquire my interest in the matter. Thomas Betterton was a relative of mine by marriage."

"Yes. You are the nephew, I believe, of the late Professor Mannheim."

"Ah, that you knew already. You are well informed here."

"People come along and tell us things," said Jessop. "Betterton's wife was here. She told me. You had written to her."

"Yes, to express my condolences and to ask if she had had any further news."

"That was very correct."

"My mother was Professor Mannheim's only sister. They were much attached. . . . Why did Thomas Betterton disappear, Mr. Jessop?"

"That," said Jessop pleasantly, "is just what we'd like to know."

"Perhaps you do know?"

Jessop appreciated with some interest how easily their rôles might become reversed. In this room he was accustomed to ask questions of people. This stranger was now the inquisitor. Still smiling pleasantly, Jessop replied: "I assure you we do not."

"But you suspect?"

"It is possible," said Jessop cautiously, "that . . .

Continued on page 48

In 1944, the way to Berlin lay open—and our spearheads halted to rest. Continuing his "Ten Years After" series, Britain's leading military commentator discloses an error that prolonged the war by eight months

Three days when victory slipped from our grasp

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

WE COULD HAVE ENDED the war easily in September, 1944. The bulk of the German forces in the West had been thrown into the Normandy battle. These forces were kept there by Hitler's "no withdrawal" orders, until they collapsed—and a large part was trapped. The fragments were incapable of further resistance for the time being, and their retreat—largely on foot—was soon outstripped by the British and American mechanized columns.

When the Allies approached the German border at the beginning of September, after a sweeping drive from Normandy, there was no organized resistance to stop them driving on—into the heart of Germany.

I explored this point immediately after the war, questioning the German generals principally concerned. General Blumentritt, who was Chief of Staff in the west, summed up the situation in one sentence: "There were no German forces behind the Rhine, and at the end of August our front was wide open."

Troops Raced Into Antwerp

On September 3, one spearhead of the British Second Army, the Guards Armoured Division, swept into Brussels, after a seventy-five mile drive through Belgium from its morning starting point in northern France. Next day, the 11th Armoured Division, which had raced level with it, drove on to Antwerp and captured the vast docks undamaged, before the surprised German base units there had a chance to carry out any demolitions.

That same day, the spearheads of the American First Army captured Namur, on the Meuse.

Four days earlier, on August 31, the spearheads of Patton's American Third Army had crossed the Meuse at Verdun, a hundred miles to the south. Next day, patrols had pushed on unopposed to the Moselle near Metz, thirty-five miles farther east. There, they were barely thirty miles from the great industrial area of the Saar on the German frontier, and less than a hundred miles from the Rhine. But the main bodies could not immediately follow up this advance to the Moselle, as they had run out of petrol. They did not move up to the river until September 5.

By that time, the enemy had scraped up five weak divisions, very scantily equipped with anti-tank guns, to hold the Moselle against the six strong American divisions that were spearheading Patton's thrust.

Meanwhile, the British had arrived in Antwerp, also less than a hundred miles from the Rhine, at the point of entry into the Ruhr, Germany's greatest industrial area. If the Ruhr were captured, Hitler could not maintain the war.

On this flank there was now an immensely

"My men can eat their belts—but my tanks have gotta have gas," roared Patton (right) when Eisenhower slashed petrol supplies to his advancing army, while he had the enemy on the run

wide gap—a hundred miles wide—facing the British. No German forces were yet at hand to fill it. Rarely in any war had there been such an opportunity.

When the news of this emergency reached Hitler in his far distant headquarters on the Russian front, he put through a telephone call on the afternoon of September 4 to General Student, the chief of the parachute troops, who was in Berlin.

Student was ordered to take charge of an open flank, from Antwerp to Maastricht, and form a line along the Albert Canal with such garrison troops as could be scraped up from Holland, at the same time rushing up the scattered parachute units that were under training in various parts of Germany. These were alerted, mobilized and entrained as quickly as possible. The newly formed units received their arms only after reaching the detraining stations, and were then immediately marched up to the battle-line. But the total of these parachute troops amounted only to about 18,000 men—hardly the equivalent of one Allied division.

This collection of oddments was named the "First Parachute Army," a high-sounding title that covered a multitude of deficiencies. Policemen, sailors, convalescent sick and wounded, as well as boys of sixteen, were hauled in to help fill the thin ranks. Weapons were very scarce. Moreover, the Albert Canal had not been prepared for defence on the northern bank.

Took Germans By Surprise

When I questioned General Student, he said: "The sudden penetration of the British tank forces into Antwerp took the Fuehrer's headquarters entirely by surprise. At that moment we had no disposable reserves worth mentioning, either on the Western Front or in our own country. When I took over command of the German right flank on the Albert Canal, I had one coast-defence division from Holland, besides recruit and invalid units. The latter had been formed into an 'invalid division,' with battalions composed of men grouped according to their physical defects: 'stomach-battalions' for men suffering from duodenal ulcers, 'ear-battalions' and so on. They were reinforced by a panzer detachment of only twenty-five armoured fighting vehicles—tanks and self-propelled guns."

At that time, as the captured records reveal, the Germans had barely a hundred tanks available for action on the whole of the Western Front, against more than two thousand in the Allies' spearheads. The Germans had only 570 serviceable aircraft to support them, whereas the British and American aircraft then operating in the west totalled over 14,000. Thus the Allies had an effective superiority of twenty to one in tanks and twenty-five to one in aircraft.

But just as complete victory appeared within easy reach, the Allies' onrush petered out. During the next two weeks, up to September 17, they made very little further progress.

American Army Bogged Down

The British spearhead, after a pause to "refit, refuel and rest," resumed its advance on September 7, and soon secured a crossing over the Albert Canal, east of Antwerp. But in the days that followed, it pushed only eighteen miles farther. That short stretch of swampy heath country was interspersed with small streams, and the German parachutists, fighting with desperate courage, put up a resistance out of all proportion to their slight numbers.

The First American Army came up level with the British, but pushed no deeper. The major part of it ran into the fortified belt and coal-mining area around the city of Aachen—which lies in, and obstructs, this historically famous "gateway" into Germany. There, the Americans became entangled and bogged down, while wider opportunities slipped away. For when they had reached the German frontier, the 120-mile stretch between the Aachen area and the Metz area was covered by a mere eight enemy battalions, strung out across the hilly and wooded country of the Ardennes. By taking what appeared to be the easier paths into Germany, the Allies met greater difficulties.

That was seen in the south as well as in the north. For Patton's Third Army began to cross the Moselle as early as September 5, yet was little farther forward two weeks later—or, indeed, two months later. It became stuck in its attack on the fortified city of Metz and nearby points.

Airborne Division Cut Off

By mid-September, the Germans had thickened up their defence all along the front, and above all on the most northerly sector—leading to the Ruhr—where the gap had been greatest. That was the more unfortunate since Montgomery was now mounting another big thrust there, to the Rhine at Arnhem, on September 17. In this, he was planning to drop the recently formed First Allied Airborne Army to clear the path for the British Second Army.

This thrust was checked by the enemy before it reached its goal, and a large part of the British 1st Airborne Division, which had been dropped at Arnhem, was cut off there and compelled to surrender. The next month was spent by the American First Army in grinding down the defences of Aachen, while Montgomery brought up the First Canadian Army to clear out the two "pockets" of Germans, on the coast east of Bruges and in Walcheren Island—which commanded the passage up the Scheldt to Antwerp, and thus blocked the port.

In mid-November, a general offensive was launched by all six Allied armies on the Western Front. It brought disappointingly small gains, at heavy cost.

The price that the Allied armies paid for the missed opportunity in early September was very heavy. Out of three-quarters of a million casualties which they suffered in liberating Western Europe, half a million came after their September check. Moreover, in September, the Russian tide had not penetrated into Central Europe.

What were the causes of a missed opportunity so catastrophic in its consequences? The British have blamed the Americans, and the Americans have blamed the British.

With the swelling stream of reinforcements, the

Continued on page 42

After the Allies took Antwerp, the German front was totally disorganized. An instant thrust at any point would have carried us over the Rhine

Introducing a great new fiction supplement

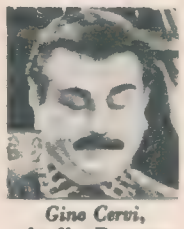
DON CAMILLO'S DILEMMA

NEXT WEEK JOHN BULL presents a magnificent fiction supplement — five enchanting new stories starring Don Camillo, the explosive Italian priest whose adventures are sweeping the world.

Don Camillo is one of the greatest characters in modern fiction. His appeal is universal. Three collections of Giovanni Guareschi's stories about him have been published—and translated into practically every language. Don Camillo plays have been broadcast; and two films—both starring the brilliant French comic actor Fernandel—have had enormous popularity.

Fernandel as Don Camillo

And now Don Camillo is coming to JOHN BULL, with some colourful new characters from the "little world" that is his parish.



Gino Cervi, the film Peppone

What is the secret of Don Camillo's astounding success? The answer is simple: in these wonderfully sincere tales, Don Camillo brings down to village scale the great split between East and West that is the nightmare of the postwar world—and makes it a laughing matter.

For Don Camillo's eternal adversary is Peppone, the mayor of the village—a Communist. The two men are sworn enemies—and firm friends. Their rivalry is sometimes touching, sometimes uproariously funny—but always human, and never cruel.

In the five stories especially chosen for JOHN BULL are related: the surprising affair of the Fascist and the castor oil . . . the unfortunate episode of the excommunicated Madonna . . . the disturbing ambition of the Communist beauty queen . . . Peppone's strange return to school . . . and the remarkable curing of Don Camillo.

If you have already made Don Camillo's acquaintance, you will need no pressing to follow his latest adventures. If not—meet him, delightfully portrayed by Richard O. Rose . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

To make sure you do not miss this special issue, complete the order form on page 50

The Aristocrat of Peppermint Creams

Wrapped to keep that subtle flavour

CLARNICO

It's a wonderful experience to taste these distinguished Clarnico Peppermint Creams. Let your palate linger over their exquisite flavour.

1/6

PER HALF POUND
IN THE GAY
GREEN-STRIPED BOX
Also sold loose

CLARNICO LIMITED, LONDON, FAMOUS FOR PEPPERMINT DURING SIX REIGNS

EVE-250

Sydney Briefel puts the sparkle into diamonds

by REX GRIZELL

Briefel closely examines a rough stone before deciding how to cut it. Cutting usually reduces the size of a diamond by more than half

From rough stones he fashions gems of dazzling brilliance. One demanded many weeks of painstaking work—it was for the Queen

ONE DAY IN JANUARY, 1948, a London diamond merchant, Sydney Briefel, was asked to call at the offices of the Diamond Corporation on Holborn Viaduct, London, to give his opinion of "an important stone."

"It was one of the most unusual and beautiful rough diamonds I had ever seen," says Briefel, speaking with the experience of thirty years of handling diamonds. "It was a deep, reddish pink in colour and perfectly free from flaws, but I knew at once that it would be difficult to cut."

Briefel was holding the largest "clean" pink diamond ever discovered. It weighed fifty-four carats. A one-carat diamond is about the size of a small pea.

The stone had been recovered from the mud of one of the most desolate spots on earth—Mwadui, Tanganyika Territory—where the Canadian geologist, Dr. J. T. Williamson, after six years of patient searching based on his scientific knowledge, had discovered diamond-bearing earth as rich as that of South Africa.

Instead of marketing the stone, Williamson, struck by its exceptional beauty, offered it to Princess Elizabeth as a wedding gift. The Diamond Corporation suggested that the stone should be cut into a gem for her. . . .

Briefel, a dark, powerfully built man with a genial manner, is one of the few diamond merchants invited to attend the "sights" of the Diamond Corporation. Ninety-five per cent of all the diamonds mined anywhere in the world are sold from the corporation's offices. Rough diamonds of all sizes, and ranging in colour from fine blue-white to yellow, green, brown, blue, pink and black, arrive there in thousands.

Only diamond merchants of long-standing business experience have the slightest chance of being added to the corporation's list of customers. At the "sights," the privileged merchant is shown into a room with a north light, where he can examine the stones allotted to him. Some manufacturers accept their allotment without inspecting the stones, but Briefel always attends the monthly "sights" himself. His diamonds cost him £30,000 to £40,000 every month.

"The prices are fixed by the corporation. No

Continued on page 44

The Queen often wears her brooch containing the priceless pink diamond which was entrusted to Briefel for cutting. It was a long, delicate job

He stood there, searching for the answer that Stanton awaited. It was agonizing. This man was forcing him to lay bare his innermost self

To accuse his uncle of theft would gain him credit. But the plan had miscarried. Now, it was turned on him—the paralysing spotlight of . . .

Suspicion

A World Prize Story by JONAS LAMPTEY

OUTSIDE the District Commissioner's office at Dubiasi there was a commotion. In trying to turn, a five-ton lorry loaded with bags of cement had backed heavily over the hedge and flower-bed bordering the garden which the District Commissioner had been cultivating so assiduously and which made an oasis of colour and freshness amid the squalid jumble of mud walls and rusting iron roofs in this African town.

The crowd of loiterers outside the office ran shouting across the grass to give their assistance. The lorry's rear wheels spun madly, churning up the earth, while in the court-room the farmers who had been pressing round the table to receive the government's grant for their diseased cocoa-trees hurried to the windows to watch the disturbance.

The District Commissioner, a man in the early thirties, pale, his dark hair lank in the afternoon heat, stepped quickly from behind the table and added his own indignant shouts from the window.

In a minute or two, the lorry, pushed by willing helpers, jolted back on to the road, leaving a section of the hedge crushed flat and a flower-bed mutilated. The pay-out was resumed, and Stanton's crisp English tones cut through the chatter.

"Kofi Pong, forty-two trees, four pounds four shillings. . . . Kwami Attakora, thirty-eight trees, three pounds sixteen shillings. . . ."

There were gleams from avaricious eyes, a stretching out of dark, roughened hands, hoarse mutterings of satisfaction, and the neat piles of notes and coins grew small. Too small. An hour after the lorry had backed into the hedge, it was clear that £100 was missing.

"Bontang!"

"Yes, sir?" The ponderous elderly chief clerk, sweating in the jacket of white drill which his dignity would not permit him to remove, had a look of pained surprise.

"Who took that money?" It was like a whip cracking. But Bontang's composure was unshaken. Twenty years' experience in district commissioners' offices had perhaps accustomed him to such crises.

"Very unfortunately, sir, it escaped my notice. The lorry——"

"Quaye!" Stanton turned on the junior clerk who stood alertly, eager to please, his face smooth as chocolate above his white, open-necked shirt. "Who took that money?"

"Please, sir, I did not see. My attention was distracted when——"

"Constable!" The whip flicked out at the red-fezzed policeman. "Who took the money?"

"I no see, sah. All dese people they push me for one side when de lorry he come. And so I never see the t'ief, sah."

"My God!" Stanton threw down his pencil on the table. There was a slight twitching at the corner of his mouth.

Quaye watched him closely. He was perceptive. Quaye was. He could read a European's face better than the others. Never before had he seen Stanton so near a loss of self-control and the sight disturbed him, like the sight of one's champion losing grip for the first time. His hero-worship very nearly got the better of him and he almost said there and then that it was Bontang who had taken the money. But he was not completely sure. He wanted time to think. And you couldn't denounce your own uncle in public.

There was a sound of heavy boots, and the policeman's hand gripped his arm. "Mr. Quaye, the D.C. wants to see you"

WITH the assistance of the police inspector, hastily summoned, everyone in the court-room was searched, including the two clerks, but the results were negative.

"I was paying this lot at the time," said Stanton, turning back the pages and running his pencil down a list of some thirty names. "It must have been one of them. Inspector! Turn out every man you've got. I want them all searched, and their houses, too. One of them's got a hundred-pound packet of new pound notes. Understand?"

The inspector, breathing heavily in his tight khaki tunic, looked doubtful. With half a dozen constables, it seemed hopeless to search for the missing money among thirty people who had dispersed to different villages an hour earlier. The money could have been disposed of in many different ways.

"What are you waiting for?" Stanton demanded. "Call yourselves a police force, don't you? Get cracking."

The inspector pulled himself to attention and saluted. Stanton went to his car without another word.

When he had left, Quaye sat down at his desk and mechanically began to make out the monthly court returns. This work was really Bontang's. He was the court registrar. But when one was not only the junior clerk but also the chief clerk's nephew one did everything.

His eyes brooded and his underlip was thrust forward in worried contemplation. The vision would not leave him; the vision, when he had turned round from the window, of Bontang straightening up from the table, his hand falling down to his side, his heavily jowled face reshaping itself into its habitual look of self-righteousness as he once more faced the crowd by the windows; all the most perfect and natural sequence to the action of leaning across the table to the packets of notes and slipping a hundred pounds into his pocket.

BONTANG owed money all round the town. Only last month he had "borrowed" five pounds from his nephew to stave off an action for debt in the court of which he was himself the registrar. Such a disgrace was not to be contemplated and Quaye had had to help. Family loyalty demanded no less. And so it was now. To betray his uncle to the white man would be a social outrage. And then again he was not sure. Bontang might have been picking up the money or he might have been merely rearranging it. . . .

Bontang was lolling back in his chair, humming.

"You finished your work, ma dear boy?" he asked presently in his deep, bell-like voice. "The D.C. has gone. We will close."

Quaye loathed Bontang for his pomposity, his idleness, his shifty expedients for putting off his creditors.

"It was very unfortunate you were not keeping better watch on that table," he told his nephew as they walked down the street, Bontang doffing his sun-helmet to those who gave him greetings appropriate to his position. "Then you would have seen who took the money and perhaps the D.C. would have recommended you for some accelerated promotion."

Quaye, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his shorts, kicked resentfully at the ground and with a sidelong glance ran his eyes over Bontang's suit. In one of those pockets. . . . It was true Bontang had been searched, but before this hadn't he once gone out of the court-room to answer the telephone in the general office? Quaye wondered how he could give vent to his suspicions and at the same time escape

Continued on page 53

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Jeanne dresses TV with a magic touch

by JOAN POWE

Wardrobe expert Jeanne Bradnock must be "highly artistic but not barmy." If someone wants a hat like a typewriter—she'll make it

ONE EVENING IN 1948, during the televising of Eugene O'Neill's play *Mourning Becomes Electra,* actor Andrew Osborn was slapped across the face by Marjorie Mars. The slap dislodged half his moustache. For a moment Osborn struggled against laughter while producer Royston Morley shot the rest of the scene in profile. Watching by the studio cameras was Jeanne Bradnock, head of TV's make-up and wardrobe department. As Osborn was still acting, however, she could do nothing.

Members of the cast assured her that her staff was not to blame. "Marjorie Mars gave a particularly hearty slap which caught the edge of the moustache and swept it away," recalls Morley. "It happened in a matter of seconds."

For more than an hour afterwards, Jeanne Bradnock, a slim, good-looking woman of forty-six, checked every move her department had made before she was satisfied that the incident

The mirror's reflection pleases Jeanne Bradnock (right) and TV guest announcer Avis Scott. One announcer wears more than a hundred dresses a year

was not the result of carelessness. She examined the spirit gum, tweezers, cotton wool and skin make-up used by the assistant who had prepared Osborn for his part. She tested the strength of the spirit gum on the remaining portion of the moustache, and reconstructed the blow which had dislodged it. Eventually one of her staff persuaded her that there was no point in pursuing investigations further.

"It was difficult to convince her," says Royston Morley. "She is a perfectionist and the make-up and wardrobe departments are run on the same perfectionist lines."

In 1948, Miss Bradnock spent two days searching the wardrobe department at Alexandra Palace, and hunting through the stocks of theatrical costumiers for the disreputable outfit which Margaret Lockwood wore on TV as Eliza in *Pygmalion*. Dissatisfied with the state of the shabby cloth skirt, petticoat and shawl, she dragged them round the floor of the wardrobe department several times before bringing them to the actress for a fitting.

When Margaret Lockwood wanted to know where she had found a costume which bore all the signs of natural wear, she explained what she had done. Hastily she added that the clothes had been dry-cleaned and the dust was on the outside.

Took Shirt Off His Back

From a prewar staff of four, TV's make-up and wardrobe departments have grown to a size where eighty people are employed, now working at Lime Grove studios. As head of both sections, Jeanne Bradnock is responsible for everything from the trick make-up effects used in horror plays to the clothes worn by thousands who appear annually in front of the cameras. When a last-minute arrival for a panel game turned up wearing a white shirt, which photographs badly, she whipped it off his back and substituted a specially dyed beige one, seconds before he was due to go on.

Although her job is administrative, she is sometimes called on to tackle practical tasks herself. The night before Josephine Baker's *Café Continental* appearance in 1948, she learned that the dancer had been unable to have her elaborate wardrobe of gowns cleaned and pressed before leaving Paris and that the costumes were not ready for her performance. Realizing the risk involved in handling costumes valued at thousands of pounds, Jeanne Bradnock drove to Josephine Baker's hotel, collected the gowns, and tried in vain to find a valet service to complete the job in time.

In the end she took them home with her, and the following day spent six hours pressing them in the wardrobe department at Alexandra Palace. The skirt of one frock contained several hundred yards of chiffon. "Finally," she says, "I called on a wardrobe mistress to help me."

Make-up For A Carrot

In one day she may receive a number of unusual requests from producers who want effects quickly. Recently, she was asked to produce make-up for a comedian dressed as a carrot in a sketch, and a portable typewriter which could be worn on the head. Seamstresses in the wardrobe department built the typewriter from canvas and added a lettered keyboard and silver-paper handle. Inside was fitted a stiffened canvas millinery crown. For plays of fantasy, she has fitted actors with asses' ears, false noses, and hands and feet more than twelve inches long. "Nothing," she says, defeats us when we want an unusual effect."

On the night of the 1953 Cup Final, a producer wanted a TV dancing troupe, the Toppers, dressed in the winners' colours. There was one drawback. Like millions of soccer fans, Jeanne Bradnock did not know in advance whether Blackpool or Bolton Wanderers would win.

Her wardrobe assistant, Nan Robb, picked Blackpool with a pin as winners, but to avoid the slightest risk of a wrong forecast, Jeanne Bradnock dressed the Toppers in both sets of distinctive colours—Blackpool in front, Bolton Wanderers at the back. Still dissatisfied, she designed a set of black masks which could be worn on the back of the head. The Toppers did not know until the night of the show whether they would have to dance in line with backs or fronts to the camera. "The tip was right, however," says Jeanne Bradnock. "Blackpool won."

Jeanne designs a dress for the TV Toppers. She has also supplied them with twelve false beards

She is frequently called on to improvise quickly. Once, when producer Jan Bussell asked for costumes for a cast of thirty in *Rossum's Universal Robots*, Jeanne Bradnock experimented with cardboard and canvas before deciding to make robot costumes from thin linoleum edged with brass drawing-pins. At the last moment, she found that her seamstresses were taking too long to hammer the pins into place, and the costumes were only half finished. Realizing that aluminium paper fasteners would show up just as effectively before the cameras, she sent her secretary to buy several dozen boxes from a nearby shop.

Borrowing a punching machine, she set the wardrobe department to work punching holes along the seams, inserting the paper fasteners herself as each set was completed. "We got the effect I wanted—and it took half the time."

The ability to work to a time schedule and to visualize how effects will look on the screen, is essential in Jeanne Bradnock's job. "The requirements are similar to those for a television producer," says Royston Morley. "You must be highly artistic, but not barmy."

On one occasion, when producer Fred O'Donovan wanted a trick camera shot showing the first stage of Jekyll turning into Hyde for the television adaptation of Stevenson's novel, Jeanne Bradnock came up with the suggestion that her department should make a huge pair of seamed hands on rubber gloves which could be slipped on actor Alan Judd's hands between close-up shots. O'Donovan agreed, provided they took only a few seconds to adjust. Jeanne Bradnock's chief make-up assistant, Mrs. Tommy Manderson, spent two and a half hours making-up Desmond Llewelyn as Hyde, and another two hours building up the hands from rubber solution. Though they were only briefly glimpsed in the play, O'Donovan was delighted with the results.

When *King Lear* was performed on television in August, 1948, Jeanne Bradnock's department had thirty seconds in which to apply make-up to the actor Henry Oscar, who was playing Gloucester, to give the effect of a gouged eye. This was the maximum time that the cameras could be held before the close-up of Gloucester was shown.

Jeanne Bradnock admits that the pace at

Continued on page 44

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

All together in this delicious assortment— five kinds of Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

You'll love them each, you'll love them all together, these happiest, snappiest chocolate biscuits in their rich robes of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate. Look out for MILK ASSORTED tomorrow!

Equally delicious are Cadbury's—

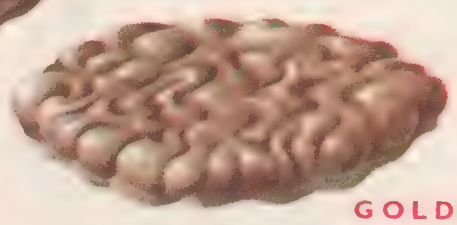
MILK FINGER Chocolate Biscuits	2/1d
MILK WAFER Chocolate Biscuits	2/2d
ORANGE SANDWICH Chocolate Biscuits	2/-
CHOCOLATE SANDWICH Chocolate Biscuits . . .	2/1d

(all in ½ lb. packets.)

WAFER

ORANGE SANDWICH

WHOLEMEAL



GOLDEN CRISP

COKERNUT

Cadbury's
MILK ASSORTED
Chocolate Biscuits

2/1 ½ lb. packet

Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

their singing they were now challenging each other and boasted of brave and impossible deeds.

A dog barked, and that made me snap out of it. The others did not seem to have heard, and it suddenly occurred to me that the performance had got out of hand. All the natives seemed to be in a trance, many swung back and forth with their eyes closed. The dancers seemed to have lost control of their movements.

I nudged Gunnar, who was rocking along with the rest. As soon as he came out of his trance, he realized the danger. He jumped up and walked to the front to shake the chief's hand and thank him for the party. We were tired, he said. We had better stop now and go to bed. That put an end to it. Some of the performers fell down, panting, others stumbled away, still others just gaped in bewilderment.

I found out later what could have happened. Sometimes the performers get so excited and so hypnotized by the rhythm that they lose all contact with reality. They will walk through fires and challenge each other to prove their boasts. The dances can last for many hours or even days, and when they are well under way none of the dancers has any control over his actions. If that dog had not barked, we might have witnessed a tragedy.

The following morning, we took leave of our friendly hosts and flew the polio patient back to my hospital.

In Chesterfield, we had grown very fond of Miss Beattie, the young nurse who had done such wonderful work with the patients. She had been a nice companion for my wife, Viola, while I was away on patrols, and my small son —who was born in Chesterfield—and daughter loved her dearly. We were sorry when an Air Force plane came to take her back to civilization and to evacuate the more serious patients who had to undergo further treatment.

It was a pitiful sight to see the evacuation of the paralysed Eskimos. Many were young and many had been great hunters. They were carried out with arms and legs dangling helplessly.

But fate was not yet played out. A few hours after the plane had left, we received news that ground contact had been lost. Later we learned that the aircraft had crashed and that none of the passengers would return.

A thunderstorm had caught the plane between Churchill and Winnipeg. Even as the polio epidemic ended, it had claimed more lives. . . .

Missionary Fell Ill On Island

I had long been anxious to visit the area north of Wager Bay, where the Eskimos are in many ways quite different from those in other regions.

Gunnar Ingebrigtson agreed to fly the patrol, and our programme included a visit to Repulse Bay, where I would do some medical work, the Pelly Bay mission and the island of Igloolik where, I had heard, a missionary had fallen sick.

It was late March when we took off, and very cold. The flight across Wager Bay was rugged. We had to avoid several small storms, and the view of the country under us did not put me at ease. The coast was steep and rocky, the bare stone showing in many places, cracks and crevasses filled with snow or showing ominously with raw, unfriendly edges.

We landed on the ice in a small inlet off Repulse Bay and were welcomed by Sergeant Hamilton, who had been at the post for a few days to register the natives for family allowances and old age pensions.

The Repulse Bay post was a small community compared with Chesterfield. There was a mission and a Hudson's Bay Company store, but little else.

I did not find the Eskimos here much different physically from those I had previously seen. They were probably a little darker and showed more pronounced mongoloid features, especially the men, who had a little tuft of hair on the chin and tendencies towards a moustache (whereas most Eskimos have fairly hairless bodies). They all had the dark blue spot at the base of the spine characteristic of the Mongolian races.

Moody with Gunnar Ingebrigtson, his pilot on many dangerous flights

Our next stop after Repulse was Pelly Bay. Gunnar ferried across Sergeant Hamilton and a priest of the Repulse Bay mission, then came back and took me over. We landed on a rough, improvised airstrip, some distance from the Pelly Bay post, and were met by Eskimos with sleds.

They Wore Strange Trousers

As far as I know, I was only the second physician and about the fifteenth white man to visit them.

Their dress was different from that of other Eskimos I had seen. They wore wide bell-bottomed trousers that stood out perhaps two feet away from the leg and were open at the foot. They must have been very impracticable because they let in wind and cold.

Among the many igloos at Pelly Bay there were three stone buildings, neatly put together from local rocks. Without help, Father Henry, the Catholic missionary who had arrived there more than fifteen years before, had built them—a mission house and two storage places. A stone house is something very unusual in the Arctic, and when Father Henry had started building, the natives were ready to do away with him because they thought he was crazy. In keeping with age-old customs they felt that mercy killing would be quite appropriate for anyone who was mad enough to build with stone.

I imagine that it took the priest a long time to convince the Eskimos of his sanity, his good intentions and the value of his religious message.

Father Henry was a lean, youngish man with a tremendous growth of beard. In his eyes was the absent look that comes to people who live for a long time in isolation. Looking at him, I sometimes wondered if he had not stayed too long. He was shy and felt so much at one with his people that he was very uncomfortable with all of us bursting in on him. But he was very friendly, helpful and hospitable.

His main building—in which I stayed at his insistence—was used as an assembly hall for religious meetings. The priest himself had only a small kitchen/living-room/bedroom.

It was cold. When we entered, the priest threw a chunk of blubber in his cast-iron stove. I suspected that he rarely used the stove for himself, being accustomed to sharing the hardships of his flock. But with the blubber it was soon white hot, and we had to peel off layers of clothes in rapid succession.

Unfortunately the priest paid little attention to such things as heating. After twenty minutes the fire stopped roaring; it started to get cold again, and we got back into our parkas. Then our host noticed our predicament and the whole procedure started again—more blubber, peeling, cooling, dressing, more blubber, and so on. The process continued throughout our stay.

In the church part of the house I found the walls decorated with many pictures. Much of the space was taken up with photographs of the natives in the community. These people love snapshots and take great pride in seeing themselves pinned up on the wall. The father knew his congregation well. The Eskimos like to tease each other about outstanding physical characteristics such as big ears, crooked noses, pot bellies or lack of chin.

We had our meals at the mission. I will never forget the first one: the priest had cooked fish for us and while I was eating with all the gusto I could muster for this haphazardly prepared dish, I noticed that he did not seem to eat at all. He slipped away from the table every few minutes and disappeared behind a cupboard where I could not see him. I was quite unable to explain this behaviour until I managed to bend over far enough to observe him. In his hiding-place he was eating fish, too, but it was raw. He had become one with the people of the land, and preferred to live the simple Eskimo life.

That night, I slept in the priest's bed. He insisted that I do so, and I wondered where he had found lodging for himself. He had probably joined some of his friends in one of the igloos.

I slept well, but at about six o'clock in the morning I was awaked by a strange mooing sound. I jumped out of bed, ready to face the worst. Had something roused the natives against us?

Then I realized that the weird sounds were made by the priest. He was calling his flock to an early Mass.

Aircraft Began To Lose Height

After I had immunized the Eskimos against smallpox, diphtheria and whooping cough, we started the return flight to Repulse Bay. We had to take along a great amount of furs. More than half the cabin was packed solidly from roof to floor, and there was but little space for the Repulse Bay priest who was returning with us. I sat in front with Gunnar.

We were flying across the Prince Albert Hills when a strange motion in the plane threw us off course. We were losing altitude and the rocks below came closer and closer. Gunnar seemed worried; there would be no opportunity to land.

The plane was rocking backwards and forwards; there seemed to be a regular shifting load. We decided that it could only be the priest dancing up and down in the back of the plane to keep warm. After a while the motion stopped, but not for long. As soon as we regained altitude, it started again.

Gunnar was getting very annoyed—the priest's antics were endangering us. But because the cabin was loaded to the ceiling he could not hear us yell to him to stop. Thus we limped on, with Gunnar sweating and cursing in his efforts to keep the plane in the air.

As soon as we landed at Repulse, Gunnar ran to the cabin entrance to give the priest a piece of his mind.

"Why in the world did you keep jumping around in there?"

"I'm very sorry," said the priest, "but there was a fire in the cabin and I had to try and put it out."

"A fire?" said Gunnar, and he thought of our belly tanks full of fuel. They were separated from the cabin by two thin metal walls.

My sleeping-bag had caught fire. It seems probable that when we went to the airstrip at Pelly Bay, an Eskimo sitting smoking on top of our gear had dropped some burning tobacco on the bag. If the fire had reached the furs we would have been lost.

From Repulse Bay, we flew to Igloolik. On the island there were only a small mission post and a couple of deserted houses. The Eskimos who welcomed us seemed to be in good condition and were cheerful and polite.

No white man was there to greet us. There were only two priests on the island, and the sick one was too ill to be left alone.

We walked over to the mission where I immediately examined the priest and found him to be suffering mainly from the strain of prolonged isolation. He would have to leave with us.

On the second day of our stay, an Eskimo told me that his wife was ill. I asked him to bring her in. Two hours later he had still not appeared. I began to think that he had got cold feet, but finally, towards evening, he came back, bringing his wife. He had not thought it necessary to tell me that he lived some twenty miles distant from the post and thus had travelled forty miles to fetch her.

Fortunately, the woman was not in bad shape and with a little medicine I was able to put her on her feet.

Blizzards Claimed Many Victims

Life can be very rough in this area. The Ivyuk Eskimos who live there are great walrus hunters, but they face many hazards and several are lost every year. They often drift on big icepans for hundreds of miles, just hoping that the tides and currents will bring them back to shore. Land travel also has its perils, the raging blizzards collect many victims.

There was one woman on Igloolik who was called the Queen and regarded with awe and respect. I have seldom seen a less attractive Eskimo woman. But she must have been remarkable in her time. Many years before, she had been travelling with her husband and two children when they were caught by a storm which lasted for days. Gradually the party ran out of food.

As was the custom, the husband gave his share to his wife and children and soon died from hunger and exposure. One of the children died, too. To keep herself and the other child alive, the queen resorted to cannibalism. She ate parts of the two members of her family who had perished. Thus she survived and was able to drag herself back to camp.

We spent a few days at Igloolik and then took the sick priest to Repulse Bay. As a result of our trips we had assembled quite a few patients there. Gunnar then made three trips to Chesterfield, taking the most serious cases first. I was sorry when he finally came back to take me home.

My patrol to the Arctic outposts had been one of the most interesting in my career. When, a few months later, I resigned from the medical service in the Arctic, I knew that my tour of duty would not have been complete without these visits. THE END

Dr. Moody, his wife and daughter, Gloria-May, soon after arriving at Chesterfield, near the Arctic

Eskimos at home in the Kazan River region. The native families live happily in such cramped quarters

Moody sees polio victims put aboard a plane. They are being taken from Chesterfield for further treatment

was a supply of drugs and basic instruments.

A brief telegram announced one of my first cases:

BABY RUSSELL AGE FIFTEEN MONTHS TEMPERATURE 103 PULSE 120 HEADACHES MIGRAINE TYPE HAD A COLD FOR WEEK STIFFNESS IN SHOULDERS AND NECK SPINE SEEMS TO CURVE STOP LOOKS BAD MOTHER DESPERATE PLEASE CONTACT BY RADIO H.B.CO. ESKIMO POINT.

The message was from Chesley Russell, the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Eskimo Point, about two hundred miles south of Chesterfield, where I had my home and a hospital under the authority of a Catholic Mission. I had spoken to Chesley over the air quite a few times before and we had become friends.

The patient was his little boy, an only child and one of the few white babies in the Canadian Arctic. The case looked serious; there would be no time for me to fly down and examine the boy myself. I sent a wire at once, telling Chesley to come on the air at seven that evening so that I could speak to him. The Department of Transport had a strong transmitter at Eskimo Point, and it looked as if we might be able to get in touch by radio telephone.

Speechless From Mike-fright

I had little doubt about what was wrong with the boy. There had been isolated cases of meningitis among the Eskimos in that district, and the symptoms that had been given in the telegram were unmistakable.

Meningitis is nasty, but there are cures. The important thing was to determine how far the disease had progressed. The curvature of the spine did not seem right; it might be encephalitic. I checked my records and found that Eskimo Point had a supply of the special sulpha drug that would have to be injected if it was meningitis.

At seven I heard Chesley's voice—but I could not speak a word to him. I had mike-fright. My hands were shaking, and I felt cold in the overheated radio hut. Charley, the radio mechanic, took the receiver from me. When I heard him say: "What is that temperature?" I collected myself, grabbed the microphone, and asked how the boy was doing.

"Doctor, it is like I wired this morning. He is stiff, his arms don't move. The temperature is 104 now. He has terrible pains. Can't stop crying. Joe, what is it?"

"Well, I think I know. But say, what about that spine?"

"I don't know. This afternoon it curved terrifically."

"Could it have been the pain? Was he straining to get relief?" I asked.

"Could be, Joe, could be. The wife said that. He seemed to control it. What can we do, Joe?"

I checked that he had a 2-cc. ampoule of the sulpha drug and a clean hypodermic, fitted with the right needle. Then I told him.

"Now listen, Ches. You know that on the child's head—right on top—there is that soft spot, the fontanelle. You must inject the needle into that soft spot. Very gently, not too deep, and straight down."

"But Joe, that's dangerous. The soft spot is dangerous, Joe. They all say it. The wife says it, too."

"It isn't dangerous. You can do it. Just steady. I've done it hundreds of times." That was a lie, but I had to get him over his fear.

"He's my son, Joe. I could kill him."

"Listen carefully. As close to the centre of the head as you can. Push it in very carefully. Not all the way, just about three-quarters of an inch. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, three-quarters of an inch."

"O.K. Push it in and then empty the hypo slowly. And don't move it. Keep it perfectly still."

Bill, a Mountie at Eskimo Point, took the receiver at the other end. "He is putting it in now, Joe."

I saw that I was holding my right hand as if I were injecting the child myself. I moved my fingers and it hurt. I must have had them in that position for some time. I was shaking. I could not have given the injection then. I would have made a mess of it.

Bill came on again. "He's got it empty, Joe, and the needle's out. One of the women fainted. How is the weather, Joe?"

"Don't try to be funny. Let me speak to Ches."

Chesley came on, and I explained that the drug should take the fever away. Tomorrow the boy should be able to feel his arms again. I told Chesley that I would ask the radio team to keep the circuit open. He was to call me if anything happened. I prescribed ice-water for the woman who had fainted, and we signed off.

I sat back and searched my pocket for a cigarette. It was all over: the whole thing had taken no more than thirty minutes—but it seemed as if I had been on the air for hours. I had not done too badly I thought. *Everything should be all right now. . . .*

Then, suddenly, I jumped up. *What have I been doing? I should have asked about vomiting, about the legs, the neck, the eyes, about swallowing. I had just accepted the fact that it was meningitis. What made me so sure? It could have been . . . well, no . . . but still . . .*

I wanted to get back on the air, but I realized that it was useless. If I had shown doubt then, they would have panicked at Eskimo Point. I had to wait. I would know nothing until the next morning.

I got up and walked home through the snow-cold air. The moon threw its greenish light across the ice. A dog whined, then barked. I felt hot, and the snappy air refreshed me. I won't sleep tonight, but I can lie down, I thought.

It worked. Ches gave the boy another injection the following day. The baby was fine within a fortnight.

Altogether, of all the cases I treated by radio, nearly seventy per cent recovered, about twenty-three per cent had shown improvement, and only seven per cent had not made it for one reason or another. They might not have died, but had not shown any improvement either. This survey was very encouraging.

Another thing that made me grateful for the unlimited possibilities of the radio system was that, when I went out on patrol, I found so many appreciative people. The fact that they could get on the air and reach a doctor in case of emergency, or just if they needed reassurance, gave them a tremendous amount of confidence. It was fun, too, to hear comments on difficult cases that I had treated. Many people listened in and followed the cases step by step.

"Gee, Doctor, that was terrific. I could see it happen as if I had been there myself," they would say.

Trapper Amputated Own Finger

There were listeners when I used the radio system to direct a trapper in amputating one of his fingers which had become gangrenous from frostbite. He was a fine man but he became a little mixed up and nervous. I asked him if he had a knife.

He had; it was a jack-knife which he used to cut seal blubber. I asked him to boil it, but he took a little persuading. "That'll ruin the handle, Doc," he said.

The preliminaries went on for hours. His bandages had been used to clean a rifle, and I suspect that his antiseptic had disappeared in the manufacture of liquor. But he did a fine job. He cut off the finger, tied a couple of small blood vessels and sewed the whole thing up neatly. The story was all over the Arctic.

The radio system is of vital importance in medical work in the remote north. So, too, are the Arctic air services which have been developed in recent years. One of the greatest pioneers of Arctic flying has been Gunnar Ingebrigtson, who wrote in our guest book at Chesterfield: "We never stagger, we never fall, we fly at any excuse at all."

Little John Russell (front, right) patient. His father, a trading post

Gunnar was a ground crew man during the second World War, and he became a self-taught pilot after he was released from duty. With his tiny Piper Cub aeroplane, he stationed himself at Churchill, on Hudson Bay, and started flying people into and out of the barren regions of the north.

Eskimos Fled Into The Wilds

He was one of the first pilots who dared to take up a plane in midwinter and face the dangers of unrecorded winds. thunderstorms and pot-luck landings on ice and snow. That was only a very few years ago, when Arctic flying was still in its infancy and experts were debating the possibility of maintaining year-round service.

Later, when Gunnar replaced his Cub with a bigger plane, a Norseman, he became my trusted companion on many patrols and expeditions.

On one of my first trips with him, I became more closely acquainted with the hazards that were part of his everyday life. We took off from Chesterfield to search for two Eskimos who had a dreadful and contagious disease and who, frightened by their own illness, had left their camp, fleeing aimlessly from the horrible pains they did not understand. According to reports, they had wandered inland from Fullerton Point, a cape some seventy-five miles from my post.

It was in January, and temperatures had averaged forty below for several weeks. Blizzards and snowstorms were coming up as quickly as they disappeared, and the only comparatively safe method of travel would have been by dog team. However, it is quite impossible to find wandering Eskimos in a few hundred square miles of rocks, snow and ice unless you can survey the terrain from the air—and even then it can take weeks.

Before asking him to fly me out, I made it clear to Gunnar that we were to pick up people who were carrying a deadly disease and that I could not give him any guarantee that he, too, would not become infected. But Gunnar did not mind.

We had a hard time and no luck. Flying as low as possible, Gunnar circled over miles and miles of barren land, but we did not spot any sign of life except one solitary bear.

When darkness fell, in early afternoon, we flew out towards the sea and then turned inland again, following the rugged coast. Suddenly, a storm started up a few miles ahead of us, and moved in with great speed. Without hesitating, Gunnar nosed the plane

has a birthday party. John was Moody's first radio manager, injected a life-saving drug into his head

John and his father, Chesley Russell, on the day before the boy fell sick with meningitis

Moody's "practice" covered 600,000 sq. miles of wilderness and rough seas in Arctic Canada

down steeply and then straightened out for a landing on the ice, precariously close to the edge of the open sea.

The impact of the forced landing on uneven terrain was so great that we bounced high off the ice, but after a series of gradually diminishing jumps we came to a stop.

"Get out, quick," Gunnar yelled, and we tumbled on to the ice and anchored the plane with steel cables and ropes.

The wind came at us with a speed of some sixty miles an hour, carrying with it dense streaks of snow that made it impossible to see more than ten feet ahead. It would have been foolish to try to pitch a tent in this storm—we would not have been able to handle the canvas. There was only one thing that we could do—crawl back into the aircraft.

The temperature dropped quickly and, because we dared not start the engine on account of fuel shortage, the plane soon became unbearably cold. If we touched the metal with our bare hands the frost glued flesh and steel together; we had to keep on warming our noses to stop them freezing. Covering ourselves with a few hides, we settled down for the night.

A few hours later, the aircraft started to dance on the ice. The winds had gone up to a speed of nearly seventy miles an hour and a slight increase in force would have lifted the plane in the air and smashed it to pieces a few hundred feet away. We decided to rope ourselves to the fuselage and cut a bridge into the ice. This is a most reliable method of anchoring. Two deep slots are cut and a connecting tunnel is dug a few feet under the surface of the ice. Cables are pulled through and fastened to the wing-struts and skis of the aircraft.

We got the job done—although we could barely keep on our feet—and the plane seemed securely anchored. If the wind increased it might be ripped apart, but it could not be carried off.

But we had not counted on the other tricks that Nature could play. We had just got back in the cabin when a tremendous roar, followed by earsplitting explosions, made us jump out again.

Plane Leaped Gap In The Ice

The ice on which we had landed had been cut loose and a gap about a foot wide separated us from the main body of ice.

"Our runners are five feet long," Gunnar yelled at me. "I'll taxi her across and hope for the best. You don't have to get in if you don't want to, but the impact of my take-off may push the icepan farther out to sea and I can't pick you up again."

"Get in," I shouted back.

We quickly cut the cables and ropes and hoisted ourselves inside. Gunnar started to taxi slowly forward.

As we neared the gap, which had now widened to nearly two feet, he gave full throttle and we sped across the ice. Before we knew it, we had crossed the gaping darkness of open water, feeling only a slight bump. Then we anchored the plane again.

"We probably won't have enough runway to take off in the morning," said Gunnar. And with that discomforting thought we crawled back into the icy cabin.

The next morning brought two surprises. We had still about two miles of level ice before us; and, just a few hundred yards from where we were, there was a little snow-covered tent. Inside it were our two sick Eskimos.

In the Arctic, mercy flights are made often to bring to hospital the sick from remote posts. I made my first mercy flight when one of the radio operators of the Department of Transport post on Nottingham Island, in the Hudson Strait, fell ill. The news came in a telegram.

I arranged for a Norseman aircraft of the Royal Canadian Air Force to fly from Winnipeg to Chesterfield to take me aboard. We would then go to Nottingham by way of Coral Harbour, on Southampton Island. Meanwhile, a bigger plane, a Dakota, would fly straight to Coral Harbour and await our return. It would be used to take the patient directly to a hospital.

Nottingham Island is in a region that is besieged by high-velocity winds and is nearly always engulfed in dense fogs. The strait does not freeze over in winter, but is filled with drifting ice and bergs, preventing navigation, and the water becomes thick and slow and takes on an acid quality. It is so viciously cold that contact with it means severe frostbite.

Our pilot was probably thinking more of that than of his routine when, halfway on the first leg of our trip, I saw a red light begin to flash on the instrument panel. I did not think much of it, because I had had little experience of aircraft.

I was seated on a rubber boat in the back of the plane. The mechanic sat next to me, but from his position the light was not visible.

Suddenly, the engine went dead. Immediately the plane began to drop steeply. The mechanic jumped up, threw himself into the cockpit, and started to pump a lever frantically. All was silence, except for the whining of the wind along the fuselage as we dived towards the greenish water. Then the engine grunted and spluttered and finally started up again.

The whole episode had lasted for perhaps a minute, but we had dropped to within a hundred feet of the sea. The red light that had failed to alarm me was a warning signal indicating that we had to switch fuel tanks. A delay of another few seconds would have been fatal.

Coral Harbour had been an air base of great importance during the war, but it had been abandoned when hostilities ceased. Now, about ten men operated the radio station, one small building out of a hundred prefabricated barracks, hangars, warehouses and other structures. From the air it looked like a hopeful sign of mass infiltration into an area where men were as scarce as above-zero temperatures were rare; in reality it was but a deserted city.

The men who maintained the radio station enjoyed a wonderful existence. Because Pole-hopping planes used to stop there every now and then, they had a steady source of supply of such luxuries as fresh fruit and vegetables, and even frozen steaks.

After more than six months of eating tinned foods, I could not believe my eyes when a sumptuous restaurant meal was served that first evening. And there were other benefits that made the ghost town the most desirable Arctic post imaginable. The place had been deserted in typical postwar haste and numerous valuable items had been left behind. The men had plenty of space and could select a different room each day. Most important, in each room was a small icebox and a radio.

The chemist's store seemed to have held a tremendous supply of a very special cough mixture which, being of special quality indeed, had lent itself most admirably to the manufacture of a tasty liqueur that was served to us with great ceremony, as if we were being honoured with the finest product of a reputed distillery.

I wandered through the deserted post and admired the great, empty hospital. Hundreds of items that I could have used to great advantage in my Chesterfield establishment were standing around, collecting dust. The dispensary was a physician's dream. Many valuable drugs lined the shelves. I made up my mind to take various products back with me.

A Flight Through Dense Fog

The Dakota, bringing another doctor, arrived later that evening, and the next day the Norseman took me to Nottingham, which we reached after flying through dense fog in Hudson Strait. We landed on an improvised runway that had been prepared for us.

I went to the radio station to see the sick man. His heart did not sound too good and he seemed to have internal troubles that called for a thorough examination. But my observations revealed a more urgent possibility: Arctic fever, the neurosis of isolation. It was high time to take him out, before this condition turned to melancholia and tragedy.

We returned to Coral Harbour, where the other doctor confirmed my diagnosis and took the patient under his care. A few days later, the Dakota left and then the Norseman flew me back to Chesterfield.

When I started to work out what it had cost the government to fly one man away from his doom, I arrived at the staggering total of some 40,000

"DANGER HAS ENRICHED MY LIFE . . ."

"THESE experiences have made my life richer," says Dr. Joseph Moody, the young Canadian whose story is told here. Born in 1919, he lost his parents when he was a child and worked his way through college. After qualifying in 1946, he joined the Government Medical Service and was posted to the Eastern Arctic. He was troubled about taking his family there, but his wife, Viola, said: "As long as we are together, there will be no danger too great, no hardship that cannot be overcome." The Moodys spent nearly four years at Chesterfield, on Hudson Bay, and Dr. Moody won international medical fame by his handling of a polio epidemic among the Eskimos. Since leaving the medical service, he has returned to the Arctic as an explorer and prospector, and has made finds of gold and uranium.

Moody after a mercy flight

Sergeant Hamilton, of the Mounties, told Dr. Moody: "My constable's sick. Maybe you would have a look at him." It led to diagnosis of the disease which had struck the Arctic—polio

Eskimo women carry their children in pouches on their for days during a storm in the wilds, survived by tu

Viola Moody has tea with a group of Eskimos outside their summer home—a tent made of caribou skins. Tea is the Eskimo's favourite drink: he consumes pints of it every day

After a caribou hunt, Eskimos cache the meat under the winter. This refrigeration method is not ideal, but the

dollars (about £14,700). Two aircraft with crew, two doctors and a host of emergency equipment had been involved. The whole operation had taken nearly three weeks.

It was nothing, however, compared with the time which my greatest and most involved task was to take. . . .

Tutu Takes A Slow Path Home

Tutu the Eskimo had completed his caribou hunting and cached many a pile of good meat. When winter came he would take his sled to collect the contents of his caches and carry them back to his igloo. The furs, too, had been good this year; there would be new parkas (the Eskimo outer garments), boots and sleeping-bags. Tutu had sent his son back to camp with a promising load.

For Tutu himself there was nothing to do but wait for the snow. He decided to go to Churchill to trade some ivory carvings at the military camp and buy for his wife a few spools of thread or one of those funny books with pictures that the Kabloona (white people) called catalogues.

He stayed in Churchill for many days, traded his carvings with the soldiers and helped to load a boat bound for the far north. It was September when he decided to go home to Eskimo Point, where preparations had to be made for the long winter months.

Tutu travelled slowly; there were so many people to be visited on the way. Whenever he met with a roving band of friends, he stayed for a while to tell of his hunt and to hear the tales of others. He enjoyed all the privileges of native hospitality and was made comfortable in the tents of his brethren. He arrived at Nunella just as Akomalik came back from his hunt. That was good: Akomalik had a nice daughter.

An early autumn storm held him up at another camp, and well over a month had passed when he reached Eskimo Point, just in time to have tea and shake hands with the crew of a Hudson's Bay Company ship which was ready to leave for Chesterfield.

There were other guests in Tutu's camp and, because the priest was away, a drum dance was held to wish them *bon voyage* on their way back to Padlei.

The Padlei Eskimos wove their way inland from camp to camp and finally met some natives from the Kazan River region whom they entertained at their home. Great festivities were held before these guests left. Fresh caribou meat was cooked in great quantities and several whip handling contests were held. Then the Kazan people moved north to their own district for the winter.

A circle of conquest had been completed.

From camp to camp, from tent to tent, from Eskimo to Eskimo, a nasty little virus had made its way into the Arctic. With the help of Tutu, who carried it around, the virus had made its deadly penetration. Tutu was only the carrier: he was not affected by the virus—but the disease he had spread created the fiercest epidemic the north had known.

I first became alarmed by the mysterious disease when a telegram reached me at our Southern Ontario home, where I was enjoying Christmas vacation: SEVERAL CASES STRANGE ILLNESS AND DEATH PLEASE RETURN.

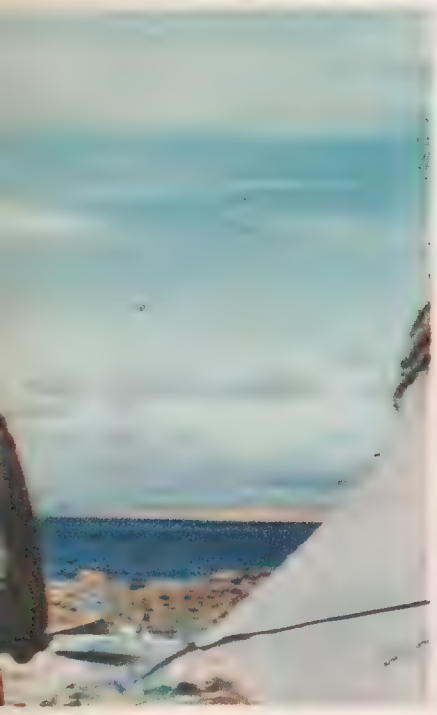
In recent months there had been some isolated cases of patients showing a certain type of residual paralysis. I had arranged for one of the victims—whom I could not reach myself as the weather at the time prevented all travel—to be flown to Winnipeg for accurate diagnosis. The verdict was Guillan-Barré disease, a rare disease, cause unknown. Surprisingly, my medical books said that it was not connected with permanent residual paralysis. I felt myself that this illness was not Guillan-Barré disease, but might be a virus infection.

Eskimos Are Filled With Fear

After receiving the telegram about the new outbreak, I returned to Chesterfield. The atmosphere was tense. The Eskimos were worried about the sickness which had besieged so many of their friends in camps to the south, and they were filled with fear.

The nurses at the hospital were worried, too. No cases had occurred in the immediate vicinity, but the reports coming in from the south were alarming.

I decided to take immediate action and asked Gunnar Ingebrigtson to fly me to Tavani, about 120 miles down the coast. There I saw my first patient with this strange disease. I had



cks. One woman, lost with her family
ng cannibal and eating her husband

When Joe Moody and his wife, Viola, planned to live in the Arctic, their friends said: "You're crazy, you'll never survive." But the Moodys spent four years at Chesterfield, and their son was born there

ow and then dig it out when needed in
skimo enjoys his food a little "high"

Eskimos prepare their dog teams for a caribou hunt. On the sleds go supplies which may have to last for many days. Most of the men walk—and sometimes it can be a hundred miles before a herd is sighted

hoped to disprove the suggested diagnosis and put my finger on the real origin of the infection. But I couldn't. It was a form of paralysis, no doubt, but the symptoms were strange.

We were preparing to continue our flight and visit Padlei—where more cases were reported—when an emergency wire arrived from Chesterfield.

The disease had struck there. A man had died during the night and more cases were coming in rapidly.

A few hours later another telegram was handed to me. There had been further deaths; the hospital was filled to capacity; more patients were coming in; my daughter seemed to be stricken.

We took off for home.

At Chesterfield some Eskimos came out to meet me, but they stood back silently when I drew near. One man fell down in the snow and could not move farther. Near the hospital two figures struggled forward, carrying between them a seemingly lifeless girl.

Soon the whole picture became clear. Angote, an old and respected Eskimo, had died the previous night after only six hours of illness. Then others had fallen ill. Some seemed already to have recovered from the high fever, but many had become paralysed and more deaths had occurred.

My wife, Viola, had spent a sleepless and anxious night with our little Gloria-May. The girl's temperature had risen to 105 and strange muscle spasms had shot through her legs, over which she seemed to have lost all control. But the attack had passed, and when I reached home she was playing contentedly with a piece of walrus tusk on the bed.

I tried to make up my mind. Meningitis? Guillan-Barré disease? An acute neuritis? What could it be? I rushed over to the hospital. There, pandemonium ruled. All the beds were filled, many patients were lying under caribou skins on the floor. Others roamed outside or lay stretched out on the steps.

The nurses ran around with thermometers, kidney basins, tongue depressors and hypodermics. I examined a number of patients, took samples of spinal fluid, isolated myself in the laboratory, and carried out tests.

But no clear picture developed. The fluids were clear—no bacteria: that ruled out meningitis. A virus then, perhaps encephalitis. But why? How?

By the following morning the number of patients had risen to 125 and two young Eskimo children had died. Chesterfield had reached a state of panic; the illness was out of control.

As I rushed over to the hospital after a few hours of restless sleep, Sergeant Hamilton of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police came to me, and said: "My constable has a sore leg, Joe. Maybe you could have a look at it when you have a moment."

A Limp Foot Gives The Clue

While examining rows and rows of patients, checking symptoms, trying to patch them together, I could not help thinking of the constable and his sore leg. I could not get him out of my mind and finally went over to see him.

Then I knew. That limp foot, that muscle that had gone dead . . . there was no mistake now. Immediately, the full significance of my diagnosis presented itself.

It is impossible, I thought, yet here it is.

I wired Ottawa and asked for help.

"Polio in midwinter? Impossible!" Although those are not the exact words of the telegram that arrived back from Ottawa, the implication could easily be detected. But there was no doubt in my mind.

We had come upon the fiercest, most remarkable and most devastating polio epidemic that had yet been recorded. To my knowledge it has not yet been surpassed. Within ten days the characteristics of this outbreak had changed medical history, and the impact of the disease had left its mark upon a whole generation of Canadian Eskimos. Polio had been known as a warm-weather attacker, but it hit Chesterfield during the longest recorded period of intense cold, when temperatures averaged thirty-eight degrees below zero for six consecutive weeks.

Polio had long been considered a disease with usually a fifteen-day incubation period, and a rather slow progress after the onset, but in Chesterfield people died within six hours after onset. Polio had not commonly struck in the abdominal area, but in Chesterfield abdominal paralysis occurred in nearly half of all cases.

A whirlwind of complications came down upon me as soon as I had made my diagnosis. My first thought concerned the necessity for stopping the spread of the disease. Within minutes

Among some Eskimos, men and women do not eat together at public feasts. So these women have their own open-air meal—mainly of caribou meat and tea

Dances at Chesterfield are sometimes held in the hospital if there more remote Eskimo hamlets, the natives prefer to organize a

I had given orders for complete isolation of all families in and around Chesterfield.

No one was to leave his home—except for a few Eskimos charged with the responsibility of distributing food. It was to be deposited in front of homes and igloos, and the inhabitants were not allowed to haul it in until the distributing Eskimos had left.

For days, no one moved from home and, with the death toll mounting, the settlement itself took on an atmosphere of doom and deathly silence. I became a lonely figure, speeding along from hospital to home, from igloo to igloo, from the radio post to the Hudson's Bay store, warding off attacks from the hungry dogs.

But who knew how many Eskimos with the disease under their skin were roaming about the country? How many carriers would visit other camps, sleep with the wives of their hosts, eat from the same chunk of meat that passed from man to man, and spread the disaster? As for the natives who had left the community yesterday, or the day before yesterday, or two weeks ago; where had they gone?

No One Allowed To Shake Hands

I looked at the map and now realized that the disease had come from the south, that most likely dozens of the earlier "mystery" cases had been stricken with the same infection. How could I prevent the epidemic from enveloping the northern areas?

I went to see Sergeant Hamilton.

"Paddy, I am going to quarantine every place where I think the disease has struck. Give me a map."

We unfolded the map. I pulled out my pencil and outlined the region in which all movement was to be restricted, in which no two people could shake hands, into which no one would be allowed to enter and from which no one would be allowed to leave.

"But Joe, that is nearly forty, fifty thousand square miles. You can't do that," said the sergeant.

"If I can't do that, I can't be responsible for any of the two thousand Eskimos in the far north. But I *am* responsible; they're in my district."

We wired and radioed the orders to every police post and every Hudson's Bay Company store, every mission and every trapper who could be reached. We radioed aircraft and ships.

We printed posters and announcements. By radio and telegram, we lectured, explained, preached, begged, yelled and threatened. Within two days the largest regional quarantine in medical history had become a fact.

A daring move had been made. I had virtually put myself and some two thousand other persons on an island. We had cut ourselves off from civilization. From now on, anyone who ventured into my restricted area did so at his own risk and would not be allowed to leave without my permission.

For months, no ship was allowed to touch shore in the area. Vessels bringing much needed supplies could only venture close enough to our coast after visiting the the more northerly ports. Supplies had to be loaded on to barges and lighters and deposited on the beach.

Aircraft had to land unassisted and dump their loads far away from the post. All exports had to be stopped until it could be established that they did not carry the virus. The shaky economy of the Eskimo was disrupted. The languid routine of the Arctic was no more.

But the quarantine worked and the spread of disease was stopped. How well it worked was demonstrated much later when I flew into the interior on a patrol. We were forced down by an oil leak, and when we landed an Eskimo saw us but did not come near. I beckoned to him to help us, but it took quite a bit of talking before he dared move in our direction. That was more than a month after the quarantine had been lifted—nearly nine months after it had been established.

The disease did not move beyond the boundaries of the restricted area—but, within, contamination was inevitable. In Chesterfield, which became the centre of the epidemic, the number of patients rose to 150. I worked day and night taking specimens, testing spinal fluids, and administering drugs.

One night, when I was working late in my laboratory, fighting off sleep and fatigue, I started a test on spinal fluid. It was a double check; I had already established that this fluid carried polio. I filled a glass tube, placed it in my centrifuge, and started the machine spinning.

Suddenly, the tube hit an obstruction and shattered, spraying a circle of death on the walls, my face, my clothes. It took a few moments before I realized what had happened. That was the time I nearly surrendered.

With the fluid dripping from my face, and the centrifuge still whirling away madly, I just stood and stared at the splashes on the wall. *Was my mouth open? No. But it might have been, just for a second, as, perhaps, I was taking a deep breath in the close atmosphere of the tiny lab, or wetting my lips with my tongue.*

The thoughts rushed through my head. *Should I go home? Or just walk over to the ward and lie down on a bed? Was the sensational quarantine to be my last act of duty?*

Then I realized that all this time I had been looking at the map that was tacked against the wall. The map on which a thick red line encircled the quarantine area. The fluid had stained a wide path across it; a big blob had nearly obscured the name Chesterfield.

It was eerie, but the symbolism brought me back to reality. I washed and changed into a white coat.

I must have been immune already. Days passed and nothing happened. I had been spared.

So had many others, but nearly everyone imagined muscle weaknesses, and I had to spend time examining and reassuring frightened settlers and Eskimos. I learned to spot the symptoms of understandable but disturbing hypochondria, and I dodged the men who came running after me, saying that their legs were paralysed. There was no doubt, however, that many of them had suffered minor attacks.

Nearly everyone in the region was exposed to contamination, and even though the whites seemed to have far more resistance than the Eskimos, several of them were seriously ill and one or two were left with paralysis. The death toll rose, but after about a week the epidemic passed its peak and we entered into the long period of readjustment and analysis.

I had asked for help. Three days after I had sent my wire five doctors, with medical supplies and equipment, were flown in. I escorted them to the hospital where they examined the patients. Then came the blow. One of them turned to me and said:

"But, Doctor, this doesn't look like polio!"

Another, perhaps of the same opinion but more tactful, said:

"Whatever it is, it's serious and we'd better give Dr. Moody all the assistance he needs."

"Would you be kind enough to follow me, gentlemen?" I asked.

Doctor Traced Start Of Epidemic

Ushering them into the laboratory, I confronted them with dozens of specimens, spinal fluid tests, clinical details and records of paralytic phenomena. When we emerged from the little room, they agreed that, despite the unusual characteristics and symptoms, the epidemic was probably polio.

Then they set to work to make a definitive diagnosis. They examined every person in the community, recommended and prescribed therapeutical treatment and then wrote extensive reports.

I was most impressed by the work of the epidemiologist who conducted an intensive survey to find out how the epidemic had started and what had caused its alarming spread. He groped in the dark until he started to check on the history of Eskimo migrations and foraging trips during the preceding months.

It was then that he heard of Tutu's journey—and the whole picture suddenly snapped into focus.

Before he had started on his way home, Tutu had worked for a few days at the army camp in Churchill. Just before he arrived there, an accurately diagnosed polio patient had been flown out. No other cases had occurred there, but Tutu must have caught the virus, carried it with him, and distributed it among his brethren.

We mapped the whole thing out, and it was tragic to see how another white man's disease had come to hatchet the natives who had never built up an immunity against it.

Forty Were Left Paralysed

In Chesterfield, out of some three hundred people, fifty per cent had been ill. Fourteen people died and forty were left with residual paralysis.

About what had occurred in the interior little was still known, so I decided to visit the Kazan River and Ennadai Lake regions to find out what was happening there and to bring back any serious cases.

The few Eskimos left in the Kazan River region belong to the Caribou Eskimo group, a once numerous band of natives who depended entirely upon the caribou for their existence. Partly because of wasteful hunting methods that thinned the herds and indirectly caused starvation, and partly because of white influence and epidemics, the band has been more than decimated. Today, only about forty Caribou Eskimos are left in this area.

From a Mountie who had patrolled the region, I had received a report that he had found a case of paralysis in each of three different camps. Knowing that I planned to visit the Kazan district, he had promised the natives that the Kabloona doctor would come and take the three patients away for treatment in hospital.

Gunnar Ingebrigtson was going to fly me. In his Norseman, we went first to Padlei, a small post halfway between Chesterfield and Ennadai Lake, where we picked up Apok, a guide and interpreter, and then flew on to the first camp. It was only a small one.

Between the heaving ridges and wind-swept plains, it showed up as a dirty spot. There were only seven people in this community: the majority of the natives had moved to another location. However, there was one paralysed woman there who was happy to be taken out.

At the second camp there was an

are no patients there. But in the drum dance, hypnotic and sinister

atmosphere of expectancy; they had been waiting for this Kabloona doctor. There were about twenty-five natives and, as I knew that there was a witch-doctor among them, I decided to watch my step. They were undoubtedly waiting to see how I would shape up against their own "physician."

I found a middle-aged woman with residual paralysis. I tried to ask whether there were any more, but the interpreter did not get my question across, and I forgot about it for the time being.

One old lady had a loose tooth. This is a wonderful opportunity, I thought, to impress the witch-doctor and show the people how the Kabloona doctor can do his work painlessly—I was going to anaesthetize the tooth before extracting it.

It was too cramped and dark in the igloo to perform the operation inside, so I had the patient moved to a caribou skin on the snow. It was viciously cold, and when I tried to inject her to "freeze" the jaw, the fluid congealed in my needle.

All the Eskimos had gathered round, and looked on in wonderment while I sweated to get the hypodermic working.

Seeing that I was having trouble, they began to get a little fidgety and I decided to abandon my idea of using an anaesthetic. I grasped my forceps and yanked the tooth out. It was done far from gently, but the old lady seemed satisfied and the natives grumbled approval.

After I had treated a few other persons for minor complaints, we loaded the paralysed woman on a caribou skin and started towards the plane.

Natives Barred Path To Plane

Then the trouble started. The natives became restless and showed signs of disapproval. They followed us towards the plane and there was something ominous in the way they cluttered together. Gunnar led our procession. Then came the mechanic, carrying one end of the improvised stretcher, and Apok, holding the other. I brought up the rear.

As we neared the plane, the natives became more excited. They were talking amongst themselves and gesticulated wildly. Finally, they overtook us and barred our path.

We had to stop, and I told the interpreter to find out what was wrong. He entered into a long conversation and began to look worried.

"What is it? What do they want?" I asked him.

"Me not know," Apok said, "but him chief, him mad."

"Well, find out. Don't just stand there. Talk to them. There must be something."

More long discussions followed, but after a while they reached a deadlock, and Apok turned to me with a shrug of the shoulders.

"What do they say?" I asked. But the interpreter seemed to be really scared now and could not bring out a word. What could it be? Had we slipped up on etiquette?

"Go ahead, Gunnar, forget about it," I said. We moved on, but the attitude of our hosts became positively hostile. They formed a line, and tried to stop us again. Then the chief motioned to someone down the line and this man disappeared into an igloo.

Gunnar reached the plane and climbed in to warm up the engine. The rest of us had lagged behind and proceeded cautiously. Then the Eskimo came back from the igloo—with a rifle.

Trapped By Hostile Eskimos

I had never met hostile Eskimos before and did not know what to do. We had no weapons, we could not get away. What in the world had they got so upset about? How could we calm them?

As soon as he saw the rifle, our mechanic dropped his end of the skin and ran for the plane. The woman tumbled in the snow. I stood alone with Apok, who looked as if he was going to run any minute.

"Apok, you've got to find out what they want."

"They mad. Don't know," he said, and closed up.

The man with the rifle came nearer and although he did not point it at us, he looked dangerous enough. We were trapped and something would have to be done, otherwise we would be here for ever.

Carefully, I approached the chief and started to question him in the best Eskimo I knew. Fortunately, he seemed to understand me.

"We are taking this woman because she is ill. We will treat her and make her better. We have come hundreds of miles to get her and we cannot leave without her. In the plane there is a woman from your other camp."

The chief gave me a blank look and just nodded. "Didn't the Pokatelli (policeman) say that I would come and would help these sick people?" I asked.

That seemed to mean something to him. "Pokatelli him say three," he grumbled.

I realized immediately what was troubling him. The Mountie who had reported the paralysis cases to me had promised these people that I would take three of them out. Pokatelli had said three, and three it was going to be. I was not to leave without another person.

But where was that third patient? I drew Apok into the conversation, and then it appeared that there was a third camp, about half an hour away, where the third polio case was waiting. But we could not go there then. It was too late, the weather was going to get rough: we had to get out.

I made a quick decision.

"Where is this woman's husband?" I asked. The chief gesticulated and a man stepped out of the line.

"We will take him," I said, and with that the crisis was over. Everyone smiled, and some of them danced with joy. They did not mind whom we took as long as there were three.

Back in Chesterfield, I felt that I had a real problem on my hands. I had taken this man out and I felt responsible for him. It would be impossible to fly him to Winnipeg when his wife was taken there for treatment, but something had to be done.

I asked Sergeant Hamilton if he would issue a ration for this visitor, so that he could stay for a while. Later we would be able to take him back on another patrol.

"A ration for the Kazan man?" Paddy asked. "That won't be necessary. He's gone."

"Did he have any food with him?"

"I don't know."

This man had taken off on a journey of some three hundred miles through unknown country. He had nothing but tobacco and a little tea, but he had not given it a second thought. It was still very cold, although spring was approaching. I did not think he would ever make it. I worried for weeks.

Two months later, a trapper in the Kazan region radioed that the man had reached home. He had walked back and seemed none the worse for it.

We had assembled quite a few paralysis cases in Chesterfield and some of them were being treated by Miss Beattie, a young physiotherapist from Toronto. However, most of them would have to be flown out for more intensive treatment in big city hospitals, but because a big plane would not be able to land until the ice had gone out, I decided to make a trip to the Caribou Eskimos.

We went to a small camp near the landmark that is known throughout the Arctic as Schraeder's Cabin, an old trapper's hut which at the time was inhabited by Andy Lawrie, a government biologist who was doing research on the caribou. I had come to this camp not only to take a polio case back to Chesterfield, but also to immunize these people.

They found it great fun and, after I had finished, decided to put on a celebration.

First, they gave a demonstration in kayak handling, chasing each other and manoeuvring the nimble little boats with unbelievable speed.

In the evening, the real festivities began with a tremendous meal of caribou meat—of which any self-respecting Eskimo can eat five pounds and more at one single sitting. After everyone had had his fill, they began a drum dance.

I had heard about this mysterious ritual and the hypnotic influence it can have on the natives.

After a short incantation, in which everyone took part and which, I assumed, was destined for the gods, the chief got up and started a shuffling dance in front of the group. He picked up a monotonous tune that followed the rhythm of the caribou skin drum, and he sang with long drawn-out words. A refrain followed each stanza and the whole group would fall in with a high-pitched "Ahhh yai, ahh yai yai, aye aye aye." It seemed that the chief sang of his own accomplishments:

I am the greatest chief of the Innuit (Eskimos), *Ahh yai, ahh yai yai.*

I am the best hunter in the land, Ahh yai, aye aye aye yai.

I have three beautiful wives.

I paddle the kayak faster than anyone. Ahh yai yai yai.

This went on for a long, long time, until another man jumped up to tell about himself. He would follow the same melody and sing that he was the best guide, that he had seen the big sea, that he had killed twenty caribou in one day. The people in the audience started to swing from side to side, following the rhythm of the refrain. They seemed completely engrossed and had forgotten about everything else.

Tempo Of The Dance Grew Wild

Not all the men got up just to boast about themselves: some would tell about a hunt. How they had sighted the herd, how they had stalked and shot the animals, how many had fallen, and how richly they had stocked their caches. Women did not seem to be allowed or willing to dance. They just sat in the audience, wailing the refrain, and rocking back and forth.

At first I found it very boring, but after a while I fell under the spell of the drum and felt the rhythm beating in my head. A continuous undertone zoomed in my ears and I had to suppress an urge to start rocking myself. Gradually the tempo increased, until it was whipped up into a wild staccato.

The dancers became wilder, and more than one performed at the same time. The onlookers were clapping their hands and the refrain was being yelled out with full force. Old men who could hardly walk got up and danced fervently in front of the group. In

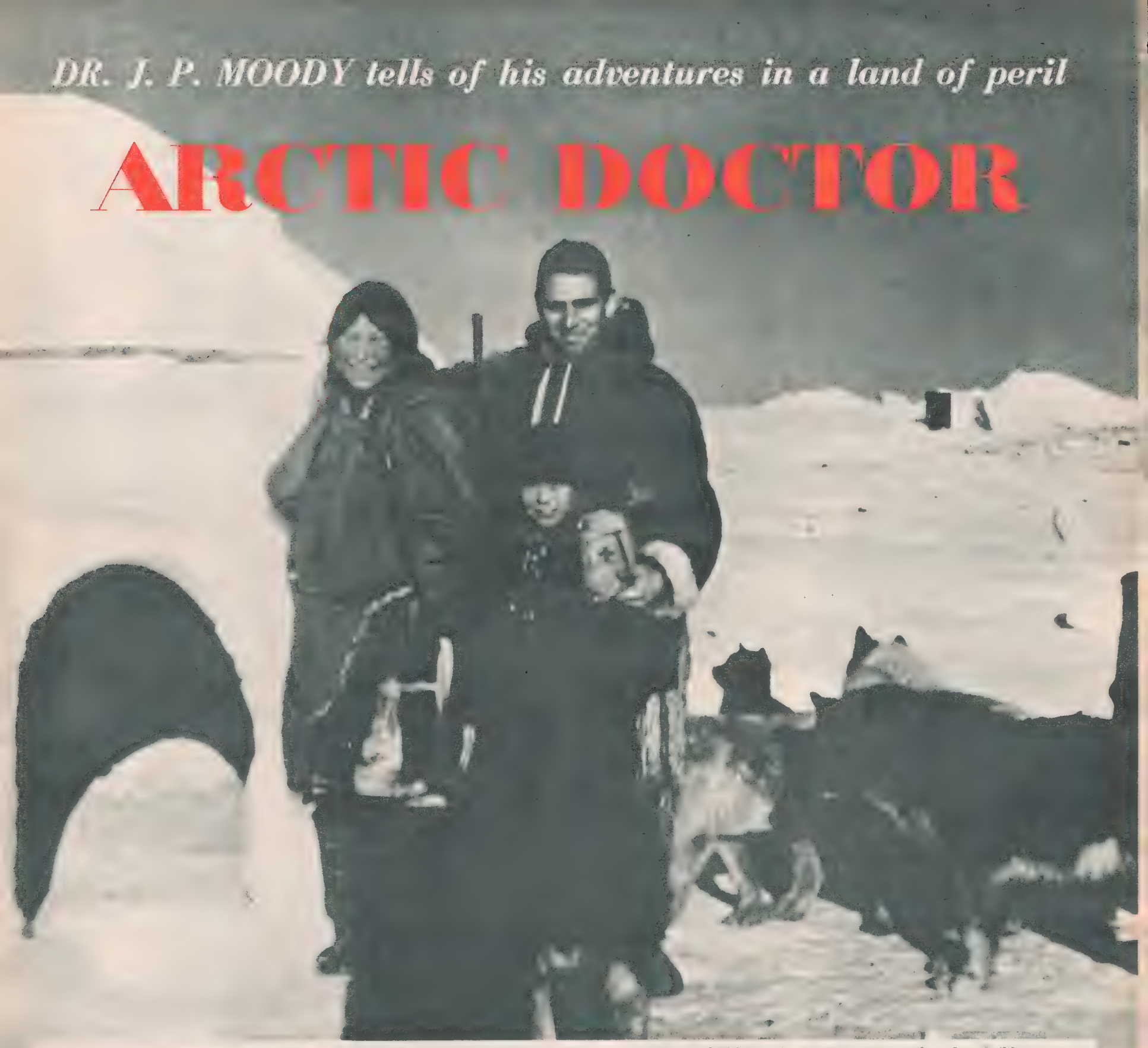
Miss Beattie, a physiotherapist who helped to treat the polio victims, died in a plane crash

Air Force mercy flights are made often to take sick Eskimos from Arctic posts to city hospitals

Chesterfield hospital, which was Dr. Moody's headquarters during his four years in Canada's north

DR. J. P. MOODY tells of his adventures in a land of peril

ARCTIC DOCTOR



Dr. Moody during a visit to an Eskimo village. From 1946 to 1950, he cared for four thousand Eskimos in 600,000 square miles of icy wilderness

In this special supplement, John Bull presents the drama of a young doctor's four-year ordeal in Canada's frozen north. Dr. Moody's own story of human endeavour is recorded by W. de Groot van Embden

BEFORE I TOOK OVER from him at Chesterfield, on the north-west shore of Hudson Bay, Dr. Rawson told me something of the work I was to undertake as Medical Health Officer in charge of 600,000 square miles of windswept territory in the Canadian Eastern Arctic. I would be Justice of the Peace, coroner and general practitioner for anyone I could reach—whether by making a thousand-mile trip by canoe, plane and dog team, or merely by opening the door of my consulting-room.

I learned that the major diseases plaguing the four thousand Eskimos who were my potential patients were tuberculosis (an inheritance from the whites), conjunctivitis (an eye inflammation—caused here by the glare of the Arctic sun), frost bite, pleurisy and pneumonia, food poisoning, abdominal disturbances, and a few minor complaints that one might find in any city practice.

Those things I could have expected. But I had not realized that I would have to do a great part of my work by radio. This meant that I would have to live under the strain of having to do the right thing at a long distance. I dreaded the arrival of the first telegram asking me to get on the air—to diagnose from symptoms as described by an inexperienced layman, and then to explain the steps to be taken.

The system worked quite simply. All through the Arctic the Department of Transport has its radio transmitters. There is also the radio equipment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Hudson's Bay Company trading centres. The prospectors, trappers and research workers operating in the area are always ready to give any help they can with their own weak transmitters.

I often had to do everything by telegram, writing out long descriptions of methods, the drugs to be used and the containers in which they could be found. Sometimes I was able to conduct the whole case by radio. Then I would talk to someone who was with the patient, and who could report to me immediately on any developments that might take place. It was a great help that at nearly all posts there

When you see this...

you're only a step from

Wolsey Grip-tops

Patented

This GRIP-TOP display piece is on show throughout the country. It identifies the thousands of stores and shops which stock Wolsey GRIP-TOPS. When you see it walk right in and ask for GRIP-TOPS by name. Knitted only by Wolsey . . . from their own miracle blend of Wool and Nylon yarn . . . GRIP-TOPS practically do away with darning. They are the best sock value on the market.

ALSO GRIP-TOP SHORT SOCKS AT 6/6 A PAIR

THEY STAY UP BY THEMSELVES

RAFFLES AND THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR

by ***BARRY PEROWNE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

It had to be Raffles—who else would rescue a man who wasn't there?

The girl reached out and placed ten sovereigns on the table in front of me. "Your money, Mr. Manders," she said softly. Raffles leaned back in his

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor of Gibraltar had been at the same school as Raffles and myself. As an unexpected consequence, I was occupying a corner seat in a first class compartment of a train about to depart from a London station to connect with the liner Karoo Star at Southampton.

It was a bright autumn morning. Raffles had strolled along the platform to watch for our friend Ivor Kern, antique dealer, receiver of stolen property, and ingenious artificer in woods and metals, who was to travel with us in the ship. The warmth of the sun shining through the open door of the compartment was pleasantly relaxing after the bustle of our arrival at the station in a hansom. It was not every day that we set forth to be the guests of a governor and, in expansive mood, I felt that the occasion warranted a cigar.

I was just lighting one when a figure came between me and the sun. Glancing over the match-flame, I saw, standing on the platform, gazing in at me with eyes of as nearly a true violet as I ever had seen, a girl dressed all in white, with a violet sash. The breeze that stirred lightly the ribbons of the hat in her hand, and toyed attractively with her shining, soft, blue-black hair, added to her appearance of pretty fluster.

"Please," she said breathlessly, "are all the seats taken in here or could you keep me one till the porter brings my luggage?"

"Certainly! I'll put something on it," I said, and, springing to my feet, I lifted down Raffles's green baize cricket bag and placed it on a vacant seat at my side.

The girl rewarded me with a slightly distracted smile, turned away, seemed to hesitate, then impulsively turned back. "Pray excuse me," she said, "but do you know London well? I wonder if you could tell me—I've been here so few weeks, a visitor from Cape Town—if a big shop called Paradix in Piccadilly, is all *right*? I mean honest—reliable."

"Let me reassure you," I said. "It is quite above reproach."

"You greatly relieve me," said the girl. "You see, it's getting so near train time, and they promised faithfully to send a pageboy here to the station this morning with my new dresses that I've bought and paid for. But they had to be altered and, unfortunately, as there are seven of them, they weren't quite ready when the shop closed yesterday, so they told me to look for their pageboy here, bringing the dresses in bandboxes, and I just haven't seen a sign of any pageboy, and—oh!" She broke off. "Pray excuse me!"

She was gone. I leaned from the doorway watching her until, a flutter of white and violet in the sunshine, she vanished among the passengers thronging the platform. How very like a girl, I reflected, to get herself in a fluster about dresses! A quite needless fluster, too, for a firm like Paradix of Piccadilly would not let her down. However, on spotting the girl returning, I felt a twinge of anxiety. She was accompanied by no pert pageboy flourishing bandboxes, but was alone and dejected.

"What," I said with concern as she approached, "no luck?"

"The boy's come, sure enough," she said, "but he's so stupid—he won't let me have them. He says there's an additional charge, for the alterations, of nine pounds fourteen shillings, and I've nothing left but a silly letter of credit for a hundred pounds, which the purser on the ship will cash for me. The boy just refuses to come to Southampton with me to get the money there. He says his instructions are to get it at the station here, or he'll have to take the dresses back. I don't know how any boy can *be* so stupid! I shan't have a stitch to wear on the ship!"

I SMILED. "The main thing is," I said, "your bandboxes have arrived. Now, you'll permit me to make you a small advance, which you can repay to me on the ship. No, I won't hear a word! I insist!" I thrilled to the touch of her slim, cool fingers as I stilled her protests by pressing ten sovereigns into her palm.

"Now, hurry and catch the boy before he leaves," I said, "and I'll keep your seat."

The deep look she gave me as she hurried off was a promising augury for the coming days at sea. In fact, as I re-seated myself, I wondered if there might not be a chance of persuading her to break her voyage at Gibraltar. It might help, I fancied, if I were to choose a good moment to let fall the information that Raffles and I were to be guests of the Governor.

We were not on intimate terms with His Excellency, as he had been at the school a good many years before our time; but he was a keen cricketer and had followed Raffles's career in that sport with special interest. So that, finding himself sponsoring a Gala Cricket Week in Gibraltar, and deciding to invite a few good amateurs to come and stiffen the Government House side against some strong army and navy teams, the first person he had thought of was Raffles. In inviting him to come and to bring someone along with him, the Governor had added, "There's also an important service which you're the very man to carry out for me."

Intrigued by this, Raffles had accepted the invitation, saying he was bringing me. When Ivor Kern had heard where we were going, he had expressed his envy, and Raffles had said, "By all means desert this shop of yours and come along with us for the trip, Ivor. We go in the Karoo Star which calls at Gibraltar on its way to Cape Town, and return eight days later in the sister ship, the Karoo Queen, which calls at Gibraltar on its way *from* Cape Town."

As I leaned back in my corner seat, admiring the length of my cigar ash, the thought of escorting the girl with violet eyes to Government House garden parties and balls enticed my mind to halcyon daydreams.

"Look at him, Ivor!" said a voice. "Purring away to himself like a cat that's swallowed a canary!" In light raglan overcoat and grey bowler, his keen face tanned, a pearl in his cravat, Raffles stepped into the compartment. "Hallo, what's my cricket bag hogging that seat beside you for, Bunny?"

"I'm reserving the seat for a young lady," I said. "She'll be here in a moment. Kindly remember that I saw her first."

"The point is well taken," Raffles conceded. "On the other hand, have you noticed that the train's beginning to move?"

STARTLED, I glanced from the window. It was true. The platform sights were streaming backwards at a quickening tempo. Leaping up, to the ruin of my cigar ash, I thrust out my head into the sunshine. Nowhere along the platform, now rapidly receding, could I see the girl.

"She seems to have missed the train," Raffles said.

"She can't have done!" I exclaimed, turning on him. "I just lent her ten pounds."

"Note the *non sequitur*, Ivor," said Raffles. "But tell us, Bunny—what were the circumstances of this accommodation?"

I explained the girl's so feminine predicament. And smiles broadened slowly over Raffles's face, and the pale, young-old, cynically intelligent face of Ivor Kern, until it seemed to me that they were grinning from ear to ear.

"Oh, my dear chap!" said Raffles.

"What do you imply?" I shouted angrily.

But, with a stab of horrified understanding, it flashed upon me what their amusement implied. They thought I had fallen a victim to the wiles of a confidence trickstress! I sank into my seat, appalled.

"But a girl like that!" I said. I was reluctant to believe the worst of her; I *could* not believe it. "If you'd only seen her, Raffles! Truly violet eyes, white dress, and——"

"Violet eyes?" He gave me an odd look. "Eyes of a true violet are very rare, Bunny. I knew a girl, once. . . ." He broke off, turned to Ivor Kern. "Ivor, do you remember a clandestine client you had, a couple of years ago—something of a nine-day wonder—a fellow the newspapers dubbed 'Jack-of-Diamonds'?"

"Phil Benedict," Kern said. "For about six months, he was the most sensational safebreaker in London. He pulled off job after job, all on diamond merchants of Hatton Garden. I fenced some of the stuff for him. He was a young fellow, perhaps a year or so younger than you, Raffles. Why, I remember making you and him known to each other, in the room over my antique shop. Pick-and-choose amateurs, the pair of you." The receiver smiled cynically. "Yes, Phil was a nine-day wonder, all right. I wonder what happened to him?"

"He was a strange case," Raffles said. "In one respect only was he a criminal—he had a kink against Hatton Garden diamond merchants. His father was one."

"How did *you* know that?" Kern asked.

"He told me," said Raffles. "I saw quite a

chair. This was a move he hadn't bargained for

bit of him after that meeting at your place. In fact, I was best man at his wedding. That's all that happened to him—he got married. It seemed to me a rather quaint romance—and a rather touching one. He married a girl called Eugenie; Ginnie, he called her. Her background was—uncommon. There was a kind of essential innocence about Ginnie, a real innocence of heart. And yet, you know, she'd been brought up by a guardian who had the whitest hair, the most frail and patrician face, the most courtly and beguiling manners of any confidence trickster in London. And he'd spared no pains, from her childhood up, in coaching her to one end—to excel in his own profession."

Excited, I opened my mouth to speak; but Raffles's grey eyes quelled me.

"When Ginnie and Phil got married," he said, "each of them took me aside in the vestry to confide to me, privately, that they were determined to go straight and to keep each other straight. Do you know, they were such a charming young couple, and so desperately in love and in earnest, that I'd have staked my life on their sincerity. They went abroad on their honeymoon; that was the last I saw of them. Ginnie's favourite colour was white. Her eyes were the only truly violet eyes I've ever seen."

He looked at me grimly as he took a Sullivan from his cigarette-case. "If Ginnie Benedict is now working adroit little confidence tricks round the London termini, it's the saddest news I've heard for a long time. What in the world can have happened to that couple?"

I never had seen him so depressed. We were a silent trio as we sat over our drinks round a table in the Pompeian Lounge of the ship that night. Arms folded, Raffles stared unseeingly at his glass, faintly vibrant to the throb of the engines deep down. I knew what he was brooding about, and so did Ivor Kern; but Kern grew impatient.

"Hang it all, Raffles," he burst out, at last, "all this gloom over a——"

He checked as a figure glided out from behind a potted palm nearby. A white arm reached between us. Slim fingers placed on the table before me a neat, small tower of gold, and a voice said softly, "Your money, Mr. Manders."

I gaped for an instant at the ten sovereigns, then looked up incredulously into eyes deeply violet, with dark, long lashes.

Raffles leaned back in his chair. This was a move he hadn't bargained for. "Ginnie!" he said, "Ginnie! *Why?*"

"May I sit down?" she said.

She took the chair he placed for her, glanced round as though to assure herself that there were no other passengers within earshot.

"A. J.," she said, then. "May I still call you A. J.? Phil always does. I had two reasons for what I did, A. J. One of them was to find out whether I altogether had lost the—the opportunism, approach and timing taught to me by my guardian." She glanced at me. "I didn't know your name, Mr. Manders, until I asked your steward just now. But I saw you and A. J. walk on to the platform this morning. Him, of course, I recognized at once. I thought I would make a little—test of myself."

She turned to Raffles.

"My second reason for what I did, A. J.," she said, "was to make yet another test—a test of *you*! I knew Mr. Manders would describe to you the—the harpy who had tricked him and that you might guess who she was. I wanted to watch you, see how you took it. I've been trying to read from your expression whether the thought that Ginnie Benedict had fallen so far from her high resolves weighed on you at all. I wanted to try to judge—oh, A. J.," she said, with sudden passion, "I wanted to know whether Phil and I really meant anything to you any more!"

Her hands, on the table, were tightly clasped. Raffles's brown hand covered them. And he

I kept perfectly still, my heart thumping. Raffles peered down the narrow alley. "The Yard man's observation post," he whispered

said gently, "It was so important, Ginnie?"

"So very important," she whispered, and I heard the tremor in her breath as she drew it in, deeply. "A. J., you know that just once, during that mad, spendthrift Jack-of-Diamonds period in his life, Phil had a narrow escape from being caught red-handed and that he knew his face had been seen? Well, that was why, when we went to Rome for our honeymoon, we decided to stay there, out of England—for safety. Truly, A. J., in Rome we went absolutely straight. And it was—hard at times. So few jobs for Phil, as a foreigner.

"When our baby, Philippa, was born, Phil said that we simply had to do better for her, somehow. And about four months ago, by sheer luck, a chance of a good job in Cape Town came his way. He jumped at it. He went off there, and was to have sent for us as soon as he was settled in. Instead—he's been arrested!"

"He met a diamond merchant," said Ivor Kern cynically, "and the old kink——"

She turned to him. "Yes, Mr. Kern, he *did* meet a diamond merchant. Or, rather, he was seen by one. The one from Hatton Garden who'd seen the face of Jack-of-Diamonds! *That's* what happened, Mr. Kern. Phil somehow managed to get a letter to me. At this moment, he's in the Karoo Queen, the sister ship of this one, being brought back to England by a Scotland Yard man."

The lamps here in the Pompeian Lounge seemed to me to burn with an increased and sinister brightness. The glasses vibrated slightly to the deep throb of the engines. Our own return bookings were in the Karoo Queen. I dared not look at Raffles.

"The moment I had the news," Ginnie said, "I left Philippa with the Italian family we were living with in Rome. I came to England. I booked in this ship as far as Gibraltar, using a false surname. I've booked back in the Karoo Queen. I shall be at least *near* Phil for the last stage of his journey to—to ten or fifteen years behind bars. A lifetime! A. J., am I mad to dream of trying to use the—the wiles I was taught? Of using them to try to get Phil out of the hands of that Yard man long enough to jump overboard, to swim and swim and swim in the hope that by some miracle a fishing-boat will pick him up?

"Oh, it *is* mad—I know! But, A. J., when I was sitting in that train, thinking such wild thoughts, *you* walked on to the platform! If you knew how my heart leaped! Raffles, who stood by us at our wedding, and was the one man, the one cracksman, who might conceivably get Phil out of his prison in that ship!"

I was rigid. The engines throbbed deeply. Raffles took a cigarette slowly from his case. Ivor Kern leaned forward.

"Ginnie, I'm sorry," he said, "but, girl alive, face the facts! Gibraltar's the last port of call for the ship Phil's in. These ships, when they call there, stay twelve hours, no more. They don't even dock, dammit; they lie out in the bay. Phil's certainly locked in the cells, deep down, below waterline. You can bet your life, knowing he's got Jack-of-Diamonds, that Yard man will have an eye on the door of Phil's cell every minute the ship's at anchor. What could Raffles do? He never carries a gun or uses the slightest violence. No, Ginnie. I'm sorry for you, but you must face it. Jack-of-Diamonds is beyond help, now—he's in the box."

Raffles was looking at the match he had just struck. I saw his eyes, with a sudden grey gleam in them, go for an instant to Ivor's face, then return to contemplation of the match-flame. A queer half-smile came to his lips. He dipped his cigarette to the last flicker of the flame.

"As to that, Ivor," he murmured, "we shall see!"

The day we passed Cape St. Vincent, where the long Atlantic rollers broke in high-flung flashes of white against the rust-red cliffs of Portugal, I was standing beside Ginnie at the promenade-deck rail. Raffles was absent, having taken to spending much time getting himself shown about the nether regions of the ship.

I glanced uneasily at Ginnie. She was watching the passing headland and, such was her faith in Raffles, I knew that at this very moment she was seeing herself and Phil, with their child Philippa, making a safe, fresh start in some distant country. It worried me intensely, for in my heart I believed her vision to be a mirage. At that moment, she turned her head, saw me looking at her. She smiled and put a hand impulsively on mine.

"Have you forgiven me the ten-pound trick, Bunny?" she said.

"Ah, now—Ginnie!" I said. My heart ached for the girl.

But Raffles, that night, in the three-berth cabin we shared with Ivor Kern, said, "All that can be done for her up to the moment, Bunny, has been done. The ships being sister ships, I now have the geography and routine of both at my finger-tips. I know the precise situation of the cells and the strongroom, and——"

"The strongroom?" In my upper bunk, I heaved myself up on an elbow to get a better look at him.

"The Karoo Queen," he said, "will certainly be carrying South African gold and diamonds. The presence of plunder has a tactical relevance." He was reclining in his bunk, a hand behind his head, his hair dark and crisp. Flicking ash from his cigarette, he glanced across at Kern. "Tell me again about this man in Gibraltar whom you mentioned, Ivor."

"Osmanazar?" Kern said. "As I told you, I don't know him personally, but I've heard of him, just as he'll have heard of me. He's the

Like many of today's young brides, she will care for her home *and* her hands with Puritan, the *gentle* green household soap. She knows she is helping her hands to *keep* that smooth, wedding-day look.

Because it is made by an entirely new process, Puritan gives more lather more quickly — and a little goes a long way. For all those washing jobs that soap does best, it's Puritan you need. Entrust your hands to Puritan's gentle care all through your married life.

Marriage

Thompson-Evans

GREAT SEND-OFF FOR HAPPY COUPLE

Miss Betty Evans—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evans of Latimer Close, Cleckham—was married at St. Margaret's, Delston on Saturday to Mr. Roland Thompson. The bride wore a wedding dress in white brocade and an attractive close-fitting head-dress which she had made herself. Forty guests attended the reception afterwards in the Scarsdale Rooms and watched the bride cut the magnificent two-tiered wedding cake.

Toasts were drunk to the bride and bridegroom and then the many congratulatory telegrams were read out. The couple are

PURITAN KEEPS ACTIVE HANDS ATTRACTIVE HANDS!

PU 140-80

CROSFIELDS (C W G) LIMITED, WARRINGTON

MY LEFT FOOT

The story of a boy who achieved the impossible

NEXT WEEK JOHN BULL will publish one of the most moving human stories ever written. *My Left Foot* by Christy Brown tells of a mother and son's fight against a most cruel affliction—cerebral palsy.

The first warning sign came when Christy Brown was four months old. His mother noticed that his head had a habit of falling backward whenever she tried to feed him. Soon there were other defects.

She sought doctors' advice. They told her that her son was so paralysed that he would never walk, use his hands or speak, and that he was mentally defective, and would remain so. Stubbornly, she refused to accept this verdict. Her faith was to be rewarded.

Christy Brown today

One day, when Christy Brown was five, he sat watching his sister writing with a yellow chalk. Suddenly, he wanted desperately to do the same. Without thinking or knowing exactly what he was doing, he reached out and took the chalk from his sister's hand—*with his left foot.* Then, painfully, and with awkward, wobbly strokes, he drew on the floor the single letter "A."

That one letter, scrawled with a chalk gripped in his toes, was to change Christy Brown's whole life. With his left foot, he learned how to write the alphabet and to paint. With his left foot he wrote his first boyish love letter—and, in a moment of despair, an anguished "suicide" note.

Christy Brown's left foot became his one means of communicating to the world all the thoughts imprisoned inside his fertile brain. Yet, paradoxically, it was his worst enemy.

For, in 1949, when he was nearly seventeen, he was told that he might be cured—but only if he gave up using his left foot to allow his other limbs to be exercised into use. It was a cruel price, but he accepted the challenge.

Now Christy Brown has written the story of his life and of his fight towards recovery. Robert Collis, his doctor, compares his story with that of the famous blind woman, Helen Keller.

Dr. Collis writes: "For me the whole experience has been an extraordinary revelation, and a proof of the amazing power of the spirit of man to overcome the impossible, and of the utmost need of the human soul to escape from every sort of prison."

You will want to read this story of courage and achievement. Place a regular order for JOHN BULL by filling in the form on page 50. Do it *now.* The first instalment of *My Left Foot* appears . . .

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

biggest handler of stolen property in the Western Mediterranean. He works under cover of a shop in Gibraltar called Osmanazar's Bazaar. I feel pretty sure he'll let me use some back room in his place to carry out the work you want done."

"So far, so good," Raffles said. "One thing bothers me a bit, because of its total unpredictability. You remember, Bunny? I mean 'the important personal service' which the Governor was good enough to say I was 'the very man' to carry out for him. There's a possible source of complication there. I wonder what the devil His Excellency can want of me?"

The Governor was not at the dock in person—we had scarcely expected as much—when the tender chugged us ashore next day. In the noonday heat, the multi-hued, flat-roofed houses which jostled in terraces up the precipitous side of the Rock sweltered visibly. As we set foot on the wharf, a young officer approached us. He wore a pipeclayed helmet, scarlet tunic, skin-tight bottle-green trousers strapped under the instep, small silver spurs. His hand was outstretched.

"Raffles, welcome!" he exclaimed. "Delighted to see you. You remember me, at school? Yorick, Hope-Jenyns. I was in old Motley's house. I got my colours from you in your last year as captain of cricket. And, Manders, old fellow—how *do* you do? This is simply capital! His Excellency has placed you both in my hands. I've good billets for you, and a very full programme." He glanced round. "Orderly!"

While a brawny ranker took charge of our luggage, Raffles presented Hope-Jenyns to Ginnie, using the false surname she was employing, and introduced Ivor Kern as Ginnie's uncle, the much admired connoisseur of the King's Road, Chelsea.

"Friends met on the ship, Yorick," Raffles explained. "I see you have a gharry here. You could perhaps suggest a suitable hotel for them, on our way to the billets?"

HOPE-JENYNS nodded. "Delighted," he said, with an ardent look at Ginnie. And as we set off at a spanking trot in the high-slung yellow carriage with its red-tasselled white canopy, he continued to look frequently into Ginnie's eyes under the pretence of drawing her attention to such places of interest as the Casemates, the old Water Gate, the Moorish Castle.

"We are now going up Main Street," he presently announced. "Yonder is a shop, Miss Ginnie, where I must advise you always to beat them down if you give them custom—Osmanazar's Bazaar."

Between the throngs of Garrison ladies in their bustled summer gowns, twisting parasols languidly as they sauntered by with their escorts in navy, white-and-gold and military scarlet, with here and there a kilt of Highland tartan, I glimpsed, through a doorway hung about with tarbooshes, Moorish slippers, camel harness, children's sailor suits, castanets and bullfighters' hats, the shadowy, enigmatic interior of Osmanazar's Bazaar.

It looked as hot as an oven. And in the gala days that followed I did not envy that ingenious artificer in woods and metals, Ivor Kern, for I knew that the mysterious task Raffles had set him was keeping him occupied for long hours in some shuttered little fly-humming room in Osmanazar's rear regions.

As for me, Raffles told me nothing, as usual. He and I shared good billets in Bombhouse Lane with some cricketers who included that graceful batsman, the young Jam-Sahib of Kushghir, who had been at school with us. A non-player myself, I had no other task but the pleasant one of calling each morning for Ginnie at her hotel to escort her to the matches.

Twice we saw the Governor. Each time, it was on the parched brown cricket ground between the high bastion lined with date palms and the harbour. The brasswork and white awnings of the dreadnoughts at anchor were dazzling against the background of the bay and the distant white buildings of Algeciras on the Spanish side. The first time we saw the Governor was when he looked in at the pavilion for a moment to shake hands with Raffles and myself and bid us welcome.

"Don't forget, Raffles," he said, "I have an important job for you."

THE second time we saw him was later in the week, as he was taking his seat to watch the cricket with the Port Admiral. He spotted me, where I stood beside Ginnie's deck-chair, and lifted a hand to us graciously.

The cricket went well, but we were no nearer knowing what His Excellency had in store for Raffles; and as the golden days passed, and the nights brilliant with balls aboard one or other of the dreadnoughts succeeded each other, I knew Raffles was getting more and more anxious. For each day brought the Karoo Queen, with its prisoner, closer to Gibraltar.

Before we knew where we were, the culminating night was upon us, the night of the Governor's Ball.

"And still we don't know what he wants done!" Raffles said grimly as, in full evening dress and opera-hats, scarlet-lined capes over our arms, we went out. We walked up the narrow Bombhouse Lane and turned left under the bracket lamp at the corner into the raucous uproar of the fleet at liberty in the grog-shops of Main Street.

Ginnie was waiting for us in the foyer of her hotel. She was a picture in white, a cape of violet velvet over her arm, her hair smoothly raven, her shoulders ivory. The funereal Ivor Kern stood beside her chair. Raffles dissembled the anxiety I know he felt, but he was brisk and kept his voice low as he said, "All ready, Ivor?"

"All ready," said the receiver. "The Karoo Queen's been reported. She'll be in about midnight. She'll start discharging and taking in cargo as soon as she's anchored. Our box is already down at the cargo sheds. It's consigned as from a Mr. Pascarella to a London firm. Neither exist. The origin of the box will be quite untraceable. It's marked for the strong-room and will go out to the ship, in the first cargo lighter, as soon as the anchor's down. Osmanazar's arranged the other detail as you asked, and the name of the man concerned is Ibañez. The Karoo Queen is due to sail again at noon tomorrow."

"Right," Raffles said. "We shall see you, then, Ivor, a bit before noon tomorrow, when you come out to the ship in the last passenger

Continued on page 47

NEW...far and away the most exotic chocolate treat

BOUNTY, WITH MILKIER, JUICIER COCONUT THAN EVEN SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS EVER KNEW
BOUNTY, SMOTHERED THICK WITH FULL-CREAM MILK CHOCOLATE. TWO BIG CHUNKY BARS FOR 6d
ENJOY ONE TODAY !

THE MAN THE RUSSIANS TRIED TO KILL by David Tutaev

Duel of nerves with a Moscow assassin

Did the Russian secret agent mean to kill him or not? Okolovich knew enough of Moscow's terror tactics to suspect a trap. With a typically bold and brave gesture, he decided to take a gamble

ABOUT FIVE O'CLOCK one afternoon last February, Georgi Sergeivich Okolovich answered a timid knock on the door of his flat five flights up a concrete apartment house at 3 Inheindenerstrasse, a tree-lined avenue near the centre of Frankfurt on Main, Germany.

Okolovich, a leader of the National Alliance of Russian Solidarists, a resistance movement known as the N.T.S., was expecting his wife, Valentina Constantinovna, back from the baker's shop where she had gone for a loaf of bread. Instead, he was confronted by a rounded, pasty-faced, bespectacled man in his early thirties, with a hat pulled tightly over his forehead.

The man entered the one-room flat. He introduced himself as Captain Nikolai Eugenyvich Khokhlov, of the M.V.D. "Terror Section" in Moscow. Sitting opposite Okolovich and facing the door, Khokhlov, in soft, precise tones, told the half-believing Okolovich that he had been sent to kill him as an enemy of Russian Communism.

Okolovich listened patiently, offered Khokhlov a cigarette. The agent from Moscow explained that he had been equipped with a

Georgi Okolovich (left) shakes hands with Khokhlov, the man who came to kill him—and relented. Several aspects of Khokhlov's surrender remain a mystery

cigarette-case pistol for the task and told why he had no intention of carrying out his orders. Okolovich knew enough of M.V.D. originality to suspect a trap. He was still in some doubt when his wife came back, but he immediately told her of Khokhlov's assignment as if he believed every word. Then he asked her to make coffee for the three of them.

Khokhlov took up his story. His wife, Yanina, was religious and had told him not to carry out the killing if their marriage were to go on. He was himself sick of the work.

Later, when Khokhlov's story was checked and cross-checked by Western Intelligence men, several questions remained unanswered.

Why did Khokhlov go out of his way to reveal his wife's religious feelings at a time when the Soviets were stepping-up their anti-religion campaign?

Why did Yanina Khokhlov agree to marry an M.V.D. agent when she must have known that killing was an inevitable adjunct to the job?

Why did Khokhlov say that he had graduated from school with a gold medal in 1944 when, according to the Greater Soviet Encyclopaedia, gold medals were only presented from 1945? Was it a justifiable slip of the memory?

"Rescue My Wife" Plea

"I let him unwind himself," Okolovich recalls. "Perhaps it was his plea that the N.T.S. should rescue his wife and child from inside Russia that finally convinced me. He said that the M.V.D. knew how active our organization was in Russia—and that persuaded him to appeal to us once he had made his decision to break with the régime."

Khokhlov had already overstayed his allotted time for the killing of Okolovich, and he felt that the M.V.D. had been watching his wife for some time. If the N.T.S. were to bring out his wife and child it would have to be quick.

Okolovich said that no rescue could be arranged at such short notice, and Khokhlov then made several impractical suggestions. He thought of firing over Okolovich's head and bungling the job, so provoking the Americans to arrest him. Alternatively, Okolovich might go away on holiday while Khokhlov returned to Moscow and his family to report failure.

Both ideas looked hopeless to Okolovich, who has a talent for ruthless decisiveness, and he promised to give Khokhlov time to think over his position, advising him to appeal to world opinion for his wife and family—as a psychological bribe to the Soviets, who might want to win a reputation for humanity.

Khokhlov needed a few hours to think this over. Suspecting that another M.V.D. man might be keeping him under surveillance, he asked to be let out by the back door.

"On the way down," Okolovich recalls, "I deliberately walked three or four paces in front of him. He could easily have shot me down in cold blood if he had wanted to. I think he appreciated the gesture."

The Plotters Surrendered

Two days later, Khokhlov surrendered to the Americans. He also persuaded his two German assistants, Weber and Kukowitsch, to give themselves up with their electric push-button cigarette-case pistols, lead pellets and hollow-nose, cyanide poison bullets. The pistols and ammunition had been left in a cloakroom at the main-line station in Frankfurt.

The hectic world publicity that followed did not lead to the freeing of Yanina Khokhlov, and Okolovich does not hide his displeasure at the way the affair was handled. "It became a matter of high politics rather than the simple human episode which it really was."

Okolovich does not appear unnerved by the Khokhlov affair. Ever since 1933, when he gave up a secure engineering job to work with the N.T.S. in a propaganda campaign against Russia's Communist leaders—a campaign that includes leaflets, pamphlets, Radio "Free Russia," the smuggling of rubber printing stamps and N.T.S. resistance men into the Soviet Union—Okolovich has resignedly considered himself a likely target for violent reprisals.

A few weeks ago, he drove me in his dun-coloured Volkswagen to the N.T.S. "colony" in the woods near Bad Homburg, about twenty miles from Frankfurt, and showed me the house where his friend, Dr. Alexander Rudolfovich Trushnovich, used to live. A sixty-year-old N.T.S. leader who was in charge of the Russian Relief Committee in West Berlin, Trushnovich disappeared on April 13 this year.

Bloodstains On The Walls

Trushnovich was called that day to the elegant apartment of Heinz Glaeske at 11 Heilbronnerstrasse in the British sector of Berlin. Glaeske, a former German prisoner of war, was then head of a German organization caring for ex-prisoners from Russian camps.

Trushnovich was told, his wife said later, that two German prisoners of war just released from Soviet camps would like to meet him. Trushnovich took the usual N.T.S. precaution of informing his office of his whereabouts and a telephone call was to be put through to the Glaeske flat at nine o'clock.

His secretary actually telephoned a quarter of an hour early. The call forced the M.V.D. agents who had trapped Trushnovich to act quickly. They evidently gave up their ideas of using gentle persuasion, for when the West German police were called to the apartment they found bloodstains on the walls and a poodle dog with its front teeth broken. The living-room was in disorder. Coffee-cups were analysed for signs of narcotics, but none was found.

A neighbour of Glaeske's who was gossiping with another woman on the landing below Glaeske's apartment on the night of Trushnovich's disappearance, reported that they had seen a burly, well-set man emerge from the floor above carrying an elderly man on one shoulder. He was followed by a woman and a man with a rolled carpet under his arm, whom the women recognized as Glaeske.

The Cars Drove Eastwards

Glaeske said that the elderly man was ill and that they were taking him to hospital. Waiting in the street were two cars, a Skoda and an Opel-Kapitan. The "ailing" man was bundled into the Skoda, a sedan with a Polish Mission sign and C.D. (Corps Diplomatique) plates, and the two cars drove off "in an easterly direction."

Thinking that one of Herr Glaeske's clients had been taken sick, the neighbours paid no further attention. Two hours later, Frau Glaeske returned with her daughter from a cinema and the West German police were called in.

The police reconstructed the incident and concluded that when Dr. Trushnovich's office had telephoned to check on his movements, the kidnappers had slugged and battered the doctor and dragged him off. Major Paul, East German security man and M.V.D. agent, who engineered the disappearance of Dr. Walter Linse, in 1952, was named by the police as the man who carried Trushnovich out of the flat.

The East German A.D.N. news agency later put out a statement purporting to come from Trushnovich. It said that he had decided to break definitely with the past and to spend the rest of his life "as an honest man instead of taking part in endless dirty affairs any longer." Appeals by the British Commandant, Major-General Oliver, to see Trushnovich were refused. Amid the suspense and doubts, Trushnovich's wife asked: "How could he have gone away without me after thirty-six years of happy married life?" This question was unanswered.

The latest chapter in this mystery occurred when it was announced by the Soviets that the "notorious Western spy," Heinz Glaeske, had been taken as a hostage. The police never

Two months after the attempt on Okolovich's life failed, Dr. Trushnovich, another anti-Communist leader, was kidnapped by East German agents

Yanina Khokhlov and her son (below) were left behind in Russia when Khokhlov surrendered and sought asylum in the West. Appeals to Moscow to grant their release have been unsuccessful

discovered to what extent this was a cover story for Frau Glaeske, the woman left behind to face the questions. She slipped from the view of the police and also disappeared.

Okolovich, who knows more about Trushnovich's past than any other man, tells how the doctor, a Trieste-born Russophile who spent twenty years in Russia until 1934, set up a school for the children of N.T.S. members at Bad Homburg.

"We had some hard years after the war. Trushnovich and his wife never sat down to a meal without ten or fifteen hungry guests." During those lean postwar years, the N.T.S. only just managed to survive. Currency reforms threatened to bankrupt the organization and close down its weekly newspaper, *Possev*.

Today, N.T.S. members pay ten per cent of their income to the healthier N.T.S. treasury, and sympathizers—"American industrialists and people from as far away as Chile and Peru"—also send money. Okolovich denies that the N.T.S. is officially sponsored by America.

He lives without ostentation of any kind, and other members have an equally austere existence in a dozen huts at the Bad Homburg camp which was handed to them by the local council at a nominal rent of a thousand marks (£90) for five years.

Clandestine Missions

Okolovich is silent both about the cost of maintaining the N.T.S. propaganda war with balloons, leaflets and radio, and about the upkeep of the Bad Homburg school for anti-Bolshevik agents. The school trains young men and women for the more active jobs, such as frontier-hopping on clandestine missions. What exactly goes on there has intrigued the M.V.D. for a long time.

Recently, the Russian newspaper *Izvestia* gave the "inside story," naming Okolovich among the lecturers, together with two committee men, V. Baidalakov, who has been in America for some time, and V. Poremsky.

According to *Izvestia*, two of the pupils, N. Yakuta and M. Kudryatsev, were parachuted over Soviet territory after an extensive course in radio communication, coding, use of small arms and secret inks. A quick-action poison capsule was sewn into their collars in case they were captured.

The two men, said *Izvestia*, hovered on the outskirts of Moscow until they found the solitude unendurable and gave themselves up with their radio transmitters, ciphers, maps, army documents and noiseless weapons.

They had been sent to transmit military and industrial information as well as to try to discredit Soviet leaders and party and government officials by anonymous letters. The two men, the story said, had been allowed to live freely and work in their native land.

Okolovich dismisses as a "farrago of nonsense" *Izvestia's* account of the terrorist nature of the school's curriculum and the implication that N.T.S. is tied to U.S. Intelligence.

Arrested For Spying

The M.V.D. have made more credible efforts to upset the N.T.S. Last September, a man called Georg Müller, who was known as "the most charming Russian in the West," was arrested with his wife and charged with spying for Russia. During the indictment, it came out that Müller had studied at the Bad Homburg school.

In 1948, posing as a Soviet defector, he slowly began building up his connections with the N.T.S. and other liberation movements. It took him five years to reach the outer circle of the N.T.S. He was allowed to take a course and was put in charge of a balloon section with the job of wafting leaflets to the Soviet Zone.

Okolovich is sensitive about criticisms that Müller worked his way easily into the N.T.S. and learned its methods. "He was accepted only three or four months before his arrest." First suspected by a woman member, Müller walked into a trap and was handed over to the Americans.

At the trial he was indicted as Nikita Vladimirovich Khorunzhy, alias Khersonsky, ex-captain of the Red Army and present-day M.V.D. agent. He was accused of spying on Western radar, atomic and military defences and, with his wife, was additionally charged with having made wax impressions of the front-door locks at the homes of prominent German politicians and scientists.

The evidence that most disturbed the anti-Communist Russians in Germany, however, was the story that Müller had betrayed some of the N.T.S. pupils to the M.V.D. and had been responsible for their deaths by shooting a year earlier in the Ukraine. Four were captured, tortured and shot after refusing to reveal their real identities. The names they gave enabled Okolovich to establish their fate.

Says Okolovich: "It is impossible for an organization like ours to be completely immune to people like Müller. It is part of the price we have to pay for a relentless underground war. It's when the M.V.D. leave us alone that we should begin to worry." He realizes that the incident helped his critics among the anti-Communist emigrés—monarchists who accuse the N.T.S. of being Communist, and left-wing groups who see it as Fascist.

There is a suspicion that beneath the "solidarism" lurks an immoderate admiration for totalitarian or strong-arm government. To Okolovich, though, recent trends in his movement suggest that it is growing closer to the Western concept of democracy—"adapted to Russian needs."

He likes to discuss these matters with friends at dinner in his flat, which is furnished simply, with dark, heavy German pieces and a large radio set on which he listens regularly to Radio "Free Russia" broadcasts. During these parties he hands round a box of Kazbek, a popular Russian brand of cigarette—"We have our channels for obtaining these."

He proudly shows off "the table where Khokhlov sat." The memory seems to inspire him with a withering contempt for the M.V.D. and his own apparent danger, rather than fear. He is not quite the most important enemy of the Soviet régime—and he acknowledges it.

"You might describe me," he says, "as the most annoying violin in the anti-Communist orchestra." THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

OLD. THOMAS, at seventy, was a wealthy, self-made man. He had a wife, Laura, and two sons. Jack, the elder son, was thirty and running his own business; he needed capital for expansion, but his father refused to help.

Frank, the other son, was twenty-one, and half-way through his training as an architect; he attended night-school, and worked in an architect's office during the day. Thomas paid his fees and bought his books, but Frank had to clothe himself and find spending money out of his small apprentice's wage.

During the autumn, Thomas had a heart attack and was confined to bed. Making his way to the bathroom one day, in defiance of his doctor's orders, he overheard his family talking.

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up and go," Jack was saying, "then I shall have some money for the business. In fact, we shall all be better off."

Furious, Thomas did not wait to hear any more. He went back to his room and made out a new will, disinheriting his family and leaving everything to charity. He had it witnessed by his nurse and doctor, and sent it to his solicitor, with a letter giving his reasons for the change.

In fact, Laura had been shocked by Jack's callous remark, and Frank had reprimanded his brother.

When Thomas died and the contents of the new will became known, his family applied to the court for a share of his £75,000 estate. They claimed that a husband and father who left such a large sum could not disinherit his wife, who had little money of her own, nor his sons, of whom one was struggling in business and the other unable to complete his training unaided.

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 44

THREE DAYS WHEN VICTORY SLIPPED FROM OUR GRASP

Continued from page 17

Allied forces in Normandy had been divided on August 1 into two army groups, each of two armies. The 21st Army Group, under Montgomery, retained only the British and Canadians, while the Americans formed the 12th Army Group under Omar Bradley.

On August 17, Montgomery had suggested to Bradley: "After crossing the Seine, 12th and 21st Army Groups should keep together as a solid mass of forty divisions. These forces should advance *northwards* [to Antwerp and Aachen] *with their right flank on the Ardennes.*"

The wording of this proposal tends to show that Montgomery had not yet realized the extent of the enemy's collapse, or the difficulty of keeping up supplies to such a "solid mass" unless it went forward at a slow pace.

Meantime, Bradley had been discussing with Patton the idea of an *eastward* thrust past the Saar to the Rhine south of Frankfurt. Bradley wanted this to be the main thrust, using both the American armies along this line. This meant reducing the northward thrust to a secondary rôle, which naturally did not appeal to Montgomery. Moreover, it would not lead directly to the Ruhr.

Faced with these conflicting arguments, Eisenhower sought an agreeable solution in a compromise. Montgomery's northward thrust into Belgium should be given priority for the moment, and the American First Army was to advance north along with the British, to cover and aid their right flank as Montgomery required, in order to ensure the success of his advance.

"Get Out And Walk"

Meanwhile, the bulk of the available supplies and transport should be used to maintain this northern thrust, at the expense of Patton's drive to the east. But once Antwerp was gained, the Allied armies were to revert to the pre-invasion plan of advancing to the Rhine "on a broad front both north and south of the Ardennes."

On Eisenhower's orders, Patton's Third Army was restricted to two thousand tons of supplies a day, while five thousand tons were given to Hodges's First Army. Bradley says that Patton came "bellowing like a bull" to his headquarters, and roared: "To hell with Hodges and Monty. We'll win your goldarn war if you'll keep the Third Army going."

Unwilling to submit to the limitations of supply, Patton told his leading corps to drive on as long as it had any petrol left, "and then get out and walk." The advance reached the Meuse before the petrol tanks ran dry, on August 31. Meeting Eisenhower at Chartres on September 2, Patton burst out: "My men can eat their belts, but my tanks have gotta have gas."

After the capture of Antwerp on September 4, Patton was again given an equal share in supplies with the First Army, for his eastward drive to the Rhine. But he now met much stiffer enemy resistance, and was soon checked on the Moselle.

Believed Plans Wrong

Montgomery regarded Eisenhower's idea of a "broad front" advance to the Rhine after the capture of Antwerp as basically wrong, and was opposed to any diversion of supplies to Patton's diverging eastward thrust while the issue of his own northward thrust hung in the balance.

It is easy to understand Montgomery's disapproval of any effort which made no direct contribution to his own. But on closer examination it becomes evident that the effect was relatively small.

For, in fact, Patton received an average of only 2,500 tons of supplies a day during the first half of September—a mere five hundred tons more than during the days when his army was halted. That excess was a trifling amount compared with the total daily allotment to the armies engaged in the

"Oh, look. Somebody's old school report!"

northern thrust during the crucial period, and barely enough to maintain one additional division. So we must probe deeper for the real cause of the failure.

One significant discovery is that a heavy handicap came from a plan to drop large airborne forces near Tournai, on the Belgian frontier south of Brussels, to aid the northward thrust. The ground forces arrived there before the drop was due to take place, on September 3, and it was accordingly cancelled. But the withdrawal of air transport in preparation for it caused a six-day suspension of air supply to the advancing armies.

Another important discovery is that a large proportion of the supply tonnage for the northward thrust was devoted to the replenishment of ammunition that was not needed, so long as the enemy was in a state of collapse, instead of concentrating on maintaining the supply of petrol necessary to keep up the pursuit.

Lorries Broke Down

A third discovery is that the flow of supplies to Montgomery's thrust was seriously reduced at the crucial time because 1,400 British-built three-ton lorries were found to have faulty pistons. If these lorries could have been used, a further eight hundred tons of supplies could have been delivered daily to the Second Army—sufficient to maintain two more divisions.

A fourth point, of still wider significance, is the great handicap imposed by the lavishness of the British and American scales of supply. The Allied planning was based on the calculation that seven hundred tons a day would be consumed by each division.

The Germans were far more economical, their scale being only about two hundred tons a day for a division.

Another big factor in the failure of the northern thrust was the way that the U.S. First Army became stuck in the fortified web around Aachen. In analysis it becomes evident that the abortiveness of the U.S. First Army's thrust—to which nearly three-quarters of the American supply tonnage was devoted, to Patton's detriment—arose from Montgomery's demand that the bulk of this army should be used north of the Ardennes to cover his right flank. The space between his own line of advance and the Ardennes was so narrow that the U.S. First Army had little chance of by-passing Aachen.

Bridges Were Blown Up

That badly entangled army was unable to give Montgomery any help in the next phase, either, when he launched his mid-September drive for Arnhem. But here the British also paid forfeit for an extraordinary oversight.

When the 11th Armoured Division raced into Antwerp on September 4, it had captured the docks intact, but made no effort to secure the bridges over the Albert Canal, in the suburbs, and these were blown up by the time a crossing was attempted two days later, the division then being switched eastwards. The divisional commander had not thought of seizing the bridges immediately he occupied the city, and no one senior to him thought of giving him orders to do so.

Moreover, barely twenty miles north of Antwerp is the exit from the Beveland Peninsula, a bottleneck only a few hundred yards wide. During the second and third weeks of September, the remains of the German Fifteenth Army, which had been cut off on the Channel coast, were allowed to slip away northwards. They were then ferried across the mouth of the Scheldt and escaped through the Beveland bottleneck. Three of the divisions arrived in time to strengthen the enemy's desperately thin front in Holland *before* Montgomery launched his drive for the Rhine at Arnhem.

General Westphal, who replaced Blumentritt as Chief of Staff on the Western Front on September 5, took the view that the choice of the thrust-point was, in the circumstances, less important than a concentrated effort to drive home any thrust. "The over-all situation in the West was serious in the extreme. A heavy defeat anywhere along the front, which was so full of gaps that it did not deserve the description, might lead to catastrophe if the Allies were to exploit their opportunity skilfully. A particular source of danger was that not a single bridge over the Rhine had been prepared for demolition, an omission which took weeks to repair."

Enemy Had Collapsed

Westphal said that in September, the most vulnerable part of the whole Western Front was the Luxembourg sector, leading to the Rhine at Coblenz.

What are the main conclusions that emerge in the new light that has been thrown on this crucial period ten years ago?

Eisenhower's "broad front" plan of advance on the Rhine, designed before the invasion of Normandy, would have been a good way to strain and crack the resistance of a strong and still unbeaten enemy. But it was far less suited to the actual situation, where the enemy had already collapsed, and the issue depended on exploiting their collapse so rapidly that they would have no chance to rally. That called for a pursuit without pause.

In these circumstances, Montgomery's argument for a single and concentrated thrust was far better in principle. But it becomes evident, when the facts are explored, that the frustration of his thrust in the north was not really due to the diversion of supplies to Patton, as is commonly assumed. A much greater, and compound handicap came from the series of hindrances within his own orbit.

Best Chance Was Lost

Most fatal of all to the prospect of reaching the Rhine, was the pause from September 4 to 7 after reaching Brussels and Antwerp. Persistent pace and pressure is the key to success in any deep penetration or pursuit, and even a day's pause may forfeit it.

But throughout the Allied forces there was a general tendency to relax after they drove into Belgium. This attitude was fostered from the top. Eisenhower's Inter-Allied Intelligence Staff told him that the Germans could not possibly produce sufficient forces to hold their frontier defence line.

Eisenhower conveyed these assurances to his subordinate commanders—even as late as September 15, he wrote to Montgomery: "We shall soon have captured the Ruhr and the Saar and the Frankfurt area, and I would like your views as to what we should do next."

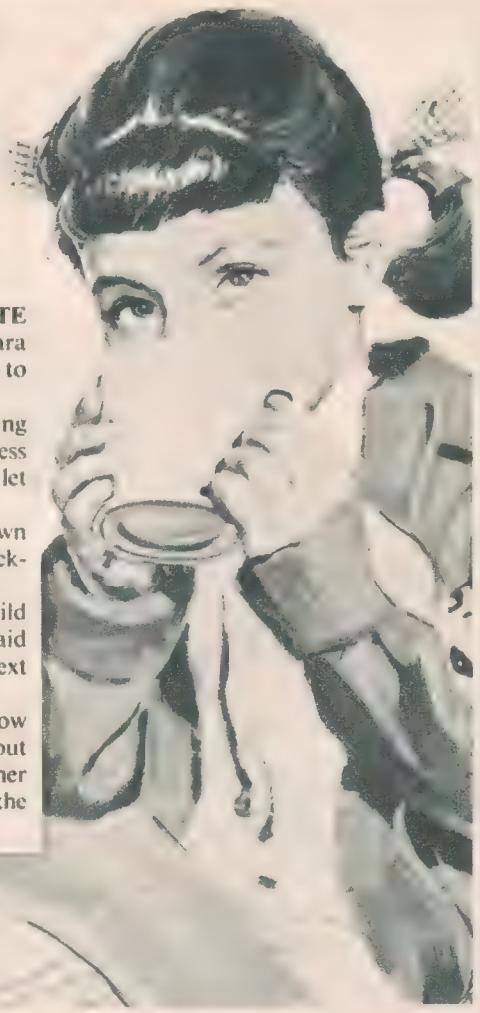
The best chance of a quick finish was probably lost when the "gas" was cut off from Patton's tanks at the end of August, when they were a hundred miles nearer to the Rhine and its bridges than were the British.

But the root of all the Allied troubles at this time of supreme opportunity was that none of the top planners had foreseen such a complete collapse of the enemy as occurred in August. They had not made the necessary preparations for exploiting it by a rapid, long-range thrust. THE END

...good thing he's got some Elastoplast in the house!

ELASTOPLAST DRESSINGS
Safe protection for cuts and grazes. Quick, handy, hygienic. Assortments of conveniently sized Fabric Dressings. 9d. & 1/6d.
PLASTERS
Elastic adhesive strapping without medicated pad. 1" wide 3 foot long (unstretched). Fabric 1/3d. Waterproof 1/-.
WATERPROOF ELASTOPLAST
Dressings that protect against suds, dirty water, grease, oil. Skin coloured, almost invisible. 9d. and 1/6d.
BOIL TREATMENT
Quickly relieves pain. Protects boil from rubbing against clothes, gently draws it to a head. Tin of three dressings 1/0½d. inc. P.T.
DRESSING STRIPS
3 foot strip of Fabric Elastoplast with medicated dressing. Economical: just cut off whatever size you need. 1½" wide, 2/1d. 2½" wide, 2/10d.
CORN PLASTERS
Relieve pressure on corn. Comfortably padded. Elastic — they stretch as your toe moves. Carton of 4 — 1/6d. inc. P. Tax.

How could I scold a child so ill?



WHEN THE LOVELY WHITE NIGHTIE came from Aunt Barbara for my little girl, she was far too ill to care how pretty it was.

But now the roses were coming back to her cheeks. So, in readiness for her Aunt's visit next day, I let my pet try it on.

And then—oh dear!—all down the front she upset her hot black-currant drink.

How could I scold her—a child who'd been so ill? *I couldn't!* I said nothing—except to my friend next door.

"And there's nothing that I know of," I added, "that will wash out such a heavy stain." She raised her eyebrows, "But surely you read the papers?" she asked . . .

Maybe it was my fault, but with all the worry of a sick child on my hands I hadn't noticed about Surf boiling spotless. Anyway, I went to work with a packet my neighbour lent me.

I took the nightdress, gave it a good soaking in Surf and cold water—left it to soak for about an hour. Then I put it into fresh Surf suds which I brought to the boil—and kept boiling for ten minutes. It came out spotless! Not just white—spotless!

Surf boils spotless!

You don't need to juggle with different powders on washday. Surf washes work-soiled dungarees, greasy overalls, coloureds, woollens—*everything*—spotless! And your white things will be more than just white—*spotless!*

Next day she made the sweetest picture. Of course, her Aunt was pleased to see her wearing the nightie. So I just couldn't resist telling her about the accident—and about Surf. "Of course Surf is wonderful," she smiled. "I should know. I use Surf for washing *everything!*"

A *LEVER* PRODUCT SUR 74-454

JEANNE DRESSES TV WITH A MAGIC TOUCH

Continued from page 23

which her department has to work makes it difficult to do a fully satisfying job at times. "In a play we may have to stand by the cameras, waiting to attach a beard as the actor goes past," she says. "If he has aged in the course of the play, a full make-up must be done in split-second time."

Jeanne Bradnock pays between 12s. and £2 10s. an ounce for human hair (depending on colour and length) to be used for making wigs and beards. The bill was higher when the twelve Toppers were turned into bearded ladies. "We needed particularly fine hair to make the beards."

Most people need some make-up before appearing on television. Fair-haired actresses like Avril Angers require a special hair dust to take the glint from their blonde hair before the cameras. Ten minutes is usually spent toning down Gilbert Harding's complexion with a cream foundation make-up. Denis Norden, appearing in *The Name's The Same* early this year, needed extra make-up to hide the circles under his eyes—they photographed badly.

Cabaret Temperament

To keep a careful eye on the clothes worn by artists, Jeanne Bradnock attends rehearsals of almost every major TV show. Sometimes, highly paid entertainers resent suggestions that their clothes are not suitable for the television screen.

Several years ago at a *Café Continental* rehearsal, producer Henry Caldwell called Jeanne over and asked her to improve the neckline of a low-cut frock worn by a French cabaret artist. The singer overheard his remarks, and refused to continue the rehearsal if her frock was altered.

"But, dear, you look terrible," Caldwell explained.

The singer hurried to her dressing-room in tears. Jeanne Bradnock spent a quarter of an hour trying to convince her that the neckline was distorted slightly by cameras and needed masking with tulle. The singer would not wear tulle. Finally, Jeanne Bradnock had an inspiration, and sent an assistant for a spray of orchids. The singer agreed to wear orchids at her neckline, and the situation was saved.

Jeanne Bradnock accompanies women announcers when they buy their clothes from members of the London Model House Group. More than a hundred different frocks are worn by Sylvia Peters each year in the studios. It is Jeanne's job to see they please as many viewers as possible.

Many of the costumes worn on television are hired from theatrical firms. Early this year, a period crinoline worn by an actress in a play was returned to the suppliers after the rehearsal. When the loss was discovered, the firm had closed for the night. Jeanne Bradnock located the nightwatchman on the telephone and persuaded him to look for the crinoline. He found it, but was unwilling to take the responsibility of allowing it to leave the firm's premises.

Clinched The Argument

In vain Jeanne Bradnock tried to persuade him. "We could have managed with another from the wardrobe department, but she was determined that the right gown for the play would be used," says one of her staff. On an inspiration Jeanne Bradnock asked if the nightwatchman had a television set, and found that his wife would be watching the play that night. This clinched her argument. The nightwatchman agreed that the gown should be at Lime Grove studios in time for the performance.

Realizing that the nightwatchman might lose his job for co-operating with her, she waited until the play ended, and collected the gown. Then she drove with it to the side entrance of the firm's premises and handed it over personally before going home to her St. John's Wood flat. THE END

SYDNEY BRIEFEL PUTS THE SPARKLE INTO DIAMONDS

Continued from page 19

bargaining takes place. In theory, a merchant may refuse the goods, but in practice, in these days of short supply, everyone accepts the goods offered and pays the price asked," explains Briefel.

Very large diamonds are an exception to this rule; they may be offered to several customers before the corporation finds one prepared to take the risk of cutting. One man gave £86,000 for a stone of 170 carats. After he had paid for it, the corporation held it for him for a year, while he had cement and glass models made of it to help him decide how to cut the stone into smaller pieces.

The manufacturer's biggest problem is how to get the largest possible cut gem from the rough. "If the stone weighs half as much when cut as it weighed in the rough, you have made a good recovery," says Briefel. "Thirty-five to forty-five per cent is more usual." The controlling factors are the natural shape of the stone and the size and position of any impurity.

When the pink diamond was examined by experts, they hesitated about deciding the best methods of treating it to get the biggest gem.

The stone was, very roughly, the shape of a child's spinning top, almost circular at its widest part and rounded over the top, but it tapered rapidly in a short, conical and facetted lower half.

The problem was that in one of the rough facets of this lower half, there was a deep cavity equal in size to a stone of about three carats. Experts thought that the cutting necessary to remove all signs of this hole would be so severe that, as a polished gem, the stone could not possibly weigh more than eighteen carats. Some doubted whether the most careful treatment would give a gem weighing more than fourteen or fifteen carats.

"There was no doubt in my mind that it ought to be cut as a 'brilliant' to make the most of both the size and the colour," says Briefel.

Light Is Trapped

A brilliant-cut diamond has a flat top, called the "table," which is the shape of a square with the corners cut off. From this flat top, the diamond has a short, facetted slope all round to the circular girdle, which is the widest part of the stone. From the girdle the diamond is sloped away to a point, like the end of a sharpened pencil, but the facets of the diamond are perfectly regular and slope at exactly the same angle. The finished brilliant, large or small, has fifty-eight facets, and by them every ray of light which reaches the diamond is trapped, broken into colours within the stone and reflected out in sparkling iridescence. "The angle of the bottom facets must be exactly forty-one degrees," says Briefel. "The slightest deviation lessens the sparkle of the stone."

First, the craftsman creates the flat table of the largest possible size. This may be done by cleaving or sawing. Like wood and coal, diamonds have a grain; cleaving is done along the grain. A small notch is made in the stone at a point selected by an expert, a blunt, iron knife is inserted in the notch and

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 42, the judge said that a father cannot exclude his dependent wife or sons entirely from his estate, provided that they have behaved properly to him during his life. But, unless they are invalids, he can exclude sons after they reach the age of twenty-one. There was proof that Laura had been a good wife, and she was given enough of the estate to keep her in comfort for the rest of her life. Jack and Frank, being both over twenty-one, got nothing.

is given a light, sharp tap, and the diamond falls apart.

If the job has been done properly, the two pieces fit together exactly, and the split surfaces are smooth and shining. Each of them represents a table, and two gems can now be made from the one stone. If too much force is used, or if the diamond is struck in the wrong place, it may be ruined.

Briefel says that he shattered several good diamonds during his apprenticeship as a cleaver. Once, when asked to cleave a hundred-carat stone, he was so nervous that the knife went only half way through. He found the exact spot through which the cleavage plane ran out on the other side, and, by striking the stone there, he managed to complete the cut.

If a diamond is not suitable for cleaving it may be sawn across the grain. The diamond is fixed in a vice while a wafer-thin phosphor-bronze disc, which has diamond dust held on its edge by olive oil, revolves at high speed into the stone. "It's the diamond dust that cuts the diamond, and it takes about a day to get through a one-carat stone," says Briefel. One stone was so large that it took the saw three months, spinning day after day at the same speed, to cut through it.

But neither cleaving nor sawing was to be used on the pink diamond. At the end of January, 1948, the Diamond Corporation was informed by the private secretary to the Princess that: "Her Royal Highness agrees that the diamond should be cut as a brilliant, and the Princess is very happy that the work should be entrusted to Messrs. Briefel and Lemer."

Briefel devised a way to grind in from the rough to retain the natural, maximum diameter of the stone.

Polished For Weeks

First, the rounded top was slowly polished away until the largest possible table was obtained above the girdle. Fraction by fraction, other parts of the diamond were polished away and, as the weeks went by, Briefel began to think that he might get a larger gem than anyone had thought possible. . . .

Diamonds are polished on a scive, a flat cast-iron disc like an ungrooved gramophone record. Its smooth surface is oiled and impregnated with diamond dust. An arm, like one which holds the needle on a gramophone, can be swung across and down on the scive. At the end of the arm, the diamond is set in solder, so that only the part to be polished is exposed. The scive turns at 2,500 revolutions a minute.

On March 10, 1948, the Princess visited the factory to see the progress on the diamond. The hole was being very much reduced, and now appeared as a dent in one of the facets. So far nothing had been lost from the maximum diameter of the stone.

By the end of March, 1948, after two months' work, the time came when the craftsman knew he dared not leave the stone on the scive a moment longer. The facet had reached its correct forty-one degree angle, and its top edge was defined clearly and sharply, together with the bottom of the girdle. If any sign of the hole remained now, the entire stone would have to be reduced proportionately.

He lifted the stone and examined it. The last vestige of the cavity had disappeared.

The work progressed, and on April 14 the Princess's private secretary was informed: "The finished brilliant has achieved a weight of 23.60 carats, and has retained the pink colour which it displayed in the rough."

When the stone was finished, it was brought to Simon Lemer, Briefel's partner, an expert on polished diamonds, for a final inspection. On one of the facets he found a few lines which had to be removed.

After weeks of sustained concentration, the polisher had been relieved that the job was over. "At first he wouldn't take it back," says Lemer.

The Final Danger

"When a stone is finished, great care is needed in any final touching up. There is no margin left for error. Placing a stone any way except perfectly on the scive might spoil the edge of a facet, or break the tiny point at the bottom. The polisher was afraid something might happen. But I persuaded him to do the job."

The pink diamond, one of the world's historic gems, was finished.

Briefel, of Austrian and Polish descent, served his early years in the trade in Antwerp, the original home of the diamond manufacturing industry.

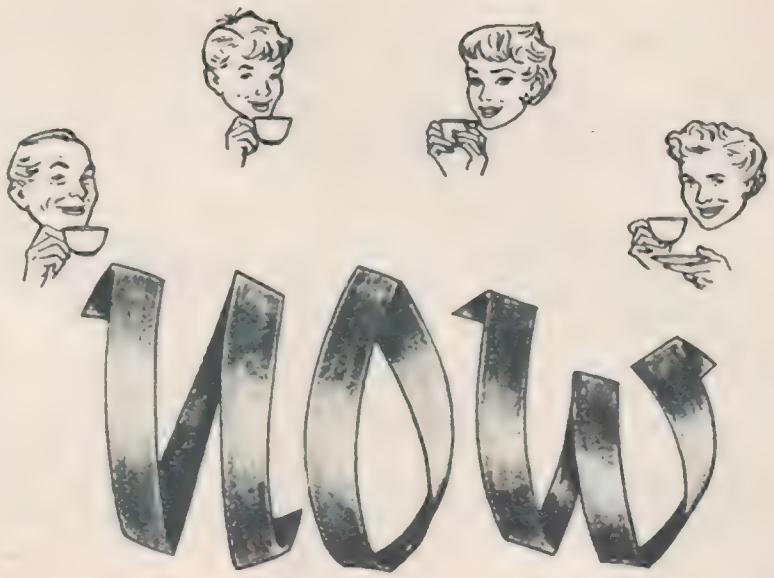
A hard-headed, chain-smoking business man, he speaks five languages. He is a fast talker, and, while inspecting diamonds and marking them for cutting, he will carry on a conversation in three languages.

Although Briefel has seen hundreds of thousands of diamonds, no two are alike, he says. He still feels excitement at the sight of a beautiful stone: he begins to feel affection for some.

"That pink stone was like five stones," he says. "As the light was different at different times of the day, so the stone had a different character, throwing back all the qualities of that light, and always with its own reddish tinge of hidden fire. As the time came near when we were to take it to Her Royal Highness, we kept returning to it for a last look. 'What a colour,' we would say to each other, 'what wonderful colour.'"

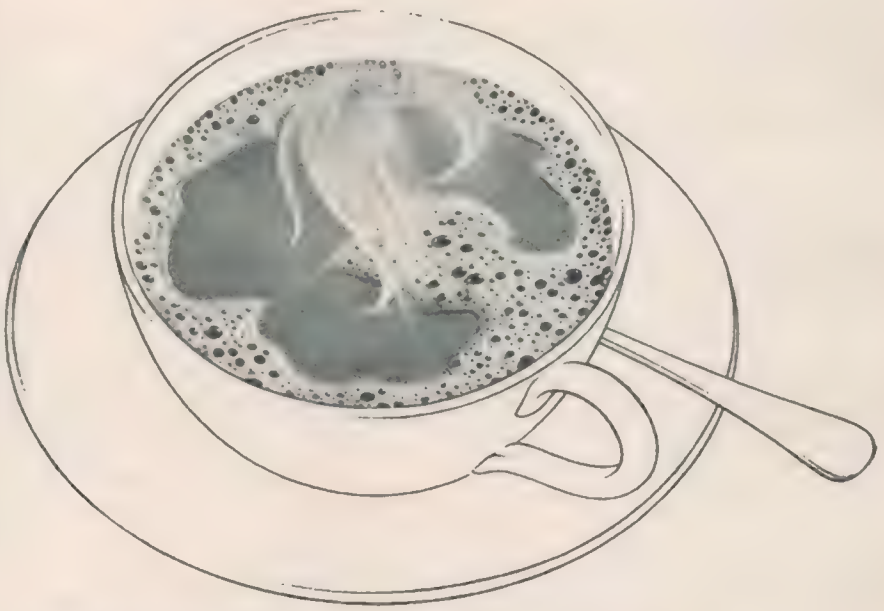
On the appointed day, the pink diamond was placed on white velvet in a specially made leather box. Briefel and his partner, with a representative of the Diamond Corporation, took it to Buckingham Palace, and presented it personally to the Princess.

Later the stone was set in a floral-shaped brooch. Once it went back to Africa, the land where it was found—for the Princess, by then the Queen, wore the brooch on her recent tour of the Commonwealth. THE END



Now

we always have Ricory



Mum always knows when we're feeling the need of a good hot coffee drink. On goes the kettle and out comes the Ricory tin. And the welcome clatter of cups has scarcely died down before we're enjoying the grand full flavour of our favourite blend of coffee and chicory. Ah!—so heartening! Oh!—so quick and easy to serve. The dry golden powder dissolves instantly in hot water. You just add milk and sugar to taste. And (Mum's the word) Ricory cuts down coffee-time costs!

2/2 MEDIUM SIZE

Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of coffee and chicory solids, combined and powdered with added dextrose, maltose and dextrins.

you must try Ricory

R12

NESTLÉ'S NEW COFFEE AND CHICORY DRINK

Houseproud and Fashion-Wise!

AMAZING BARGAINS on the SIMPLEST of Easy Terms

SPECIAL PURCHASE

21 PIECE TEA SET

Item No. 1. In heavily glazed Staffordshire Earthenware. Decorated with a dainty Forget-me-not design in pink, blue, green and yellow, and gilt edged. Set comprises 6 Tea Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Tea Plates, 1 Bread and Butter Plate, 1 Sugar Basin and 1 Cream Jug. Price: **25/-**. Terms: **4/-** Down and **4/-** Monthly. *State item No. required.*

ITEM No. 1 **4/-** DOWN 4/- MONTHLY

BRUSSELETTE SQUARE

Item No. 2. Colourful, printed jute square attractively patterned. It's strong and hardwearing, bound at the ends for extra strength. Note the large size and the low price. Size approx. 3 x 2 yds. Colours: Green & Rust on Fawn. Price: **59 6**. Terms: **9 -** Down and **9 -** Monthly. *State item No. required.*

ITEM No. 2 **9/-** DOWN 9/- MONTHLY

LEATHER CLOTH POUFFE

Item No. 3. Comfortable, smart and easy to move. Covered in contrasting shades of leathercloth. Firmly stuffed. Ideal for TV viewing. Size: 13 x 13 x 10 ins. high. Colours: Assorted. Price: **25/-** Terms: **4/-** Down and **4/-** Monthly. *State item No. required.*

ITEM No. 3 **4/-** DOWN 4/- MONTHLY

SEND P.C FOR YOUR FREE COPY

DOBBY SPOT WOOL DRESS

Item No. 4. A warm attractive Dress in fine quality Blended Rayon and Woollen Mixture with captivating red and green spots on a grey ground. Styled with the new tulip collar, stiffened belt and gaily pleated skirt. Unsurpassed for value. Hip Sizes: 38", 40", 42". Colour: **Grey with Red and Green Spots.** **Price; 45/-. Terms: 7/- Down and 7/- Monthly.** *State item No. and Size required.*

ITEM No. 5 **6/-** DOWN 6/- MONTHLY

CREDIT ORDERS not accepted from persons under 21 years of age

ITEM No. 4 **7/-** DOWN 7/- MONTHLY

COCKTAIL DRESS

Item No. 5. Scintillating red spots on a black background give you fascination and charm for all special occasions. 100% Rayon Taffeta cleverly styled with a plain black bodice, moulded to the figure with a back-tie belt. Full skirt softly pleated from the waistline. Hip Sizes: 36", 38", 40", 42". Colour: **Black with Red Spots** giving Bronzed effect. Price: **39/11d. Terms: 6/- Down and 6/- Monthly.** *State item No. and Size required*

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY on receipt of first payment

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded

FREE *Our NEW AUTUMN/WINTER CATALOGUE is now ready. New fashions . . . household bargains . . . a department store in your home . . . shop at your leisure with 6 months to pay.*
Send Post Card for your copy NOW!

BRITAIN'S ORIGINAL MAIL ORDER HOUSE

Pryce Jones LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1859

DEPT 39 · NEWTOWN · MONTGOMERYSHIRE

RAFFLES AND THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR

Continued from page 38

tender." He turned to the girl. "Now, Ginnie——"

"Yes, A.J.?" She was keyed to the highest tension. In her shining eyes and quickened breathing was betrayed her excitement at the knowledge of how close now was the ship bearing her young husband, of how few remained the miles of starlit sea that separated them.

"You know what you're to do?" Raffles said. "Tomorrow morning Ivor will take you to La Linea, the Spanish frontier, and put you on the diligence to Algeciras. From there you will take train to Madrid, go to the address you've been given, and wait there—for Phil. Right? Then, as there may not be time for goodbyes later this evening——" He held out his hand. "Ginnie—my dear—godspeed."

She looked at him with her eyes of misted violet. She took his hand in both of hers, carried it to her breast, and pressed her lips to his.

Then we went to the ball.

Only I, who knew so little else, knew the secret anxiety that gnawed at Raffles's mind, the anxiety which made him, under the chandeliers of that glittering ballroom, glance so frequently at the ramrod-backed, white-haired figure of the Governor, in his splendour of scarlet mess-jacket and decorations.

THE Governor and his lady danced with this guest and with that. There was gaiety in the lilt of the violins. In the arms of the Jam-Sahib, Ginnie waltzed. But I stood by the tall windows, open to the purple night where the palm trees in the grounds were darkly silhouetted against the sky of stars over the wide bay, and I watched Raffles. He smiled as he talked to his dance partner; he had, seemingly, not a care in the world. But he could not keep his glance long away from the Governor.

It must have been nigh on midnight when, a dance ending, wide doors were flung open by footmen, disclosing in an adjoining room the silver and crystal of long buffet tables. It was the interval. A buzz of chatter arose. There was a drift from the ballroom.

The Governor beckoned to a person here, a person there, and, left as by a receding tide, there remained upon the shining floor a small group composed of the Governor himself, his lady, Ginnie and the Jam-Sahib, Raffles, Hope-Jenyns.

The sultry thumping in my chest deepened. The Governor said something to Hope-Jenyns, and the aide-de-camp went from the room. I had an uncomfortable feeling that I had no business to be here; but, just then, the Governor spotted me. He came across to me, where I stood by the windows, and the whole group followed.

"Ah, Manders, my friend," said the Governor, "you're in this, too, you know. The ladies as a very special privilege, but you fellows by right of having been at the old school." He rubbed his hands together briskly. "Now, where's young Hope-Jenyns? Ah, there you are, Yorick! You have it, I see. 'Put it on the window-seat."

The aide-de-camp placed on the window-seat a large box of polished walnut. That it was in some way connected with the task the Governor had for Raffles, I could not doubt. My palms were moist. I dreaded what fatal complication this box might prove to be for Raffles's plans. I gritted my teeth as the Governor stroked the box affectionately.

"Any of you guess what this is?" he asked, smiling. "Or why I consider that A. J. Raffles—and Yorick entirely agrees with me—is the very man to entrust with this important mission? What, no guesses? Very well!"

He threw back the hinged lid. On a lining of white satin lay a great gold cup.

"'The Governor's Challenge Cup,'" said His Excellency, reading aloud the engraved legend, "'Presented to His Old School, by the Governor of Gibraltar, as an Inter-House Cricket Trophy.' Think that's all right? Such a trophy's been needed for a long time. Now, then, Raffles—I'm appointing you my special envoy, to deliver the cup to the school, and read my bit of a speech on my behalf, at the next prize-giving. Give him the script, Yorick. Good. Well, Raffles—what do you say?"

With his invincible ease of manner, Raffles said just the right things, in just the right way. And I saw in his eyes, not only relief, but a dancing exultation, as he added, "And for the honour, Your Excellency, of acting as your personal envoy, I'm more grateful than I can possibly——"

His voice was drowned by the far-carrying, ominous, deeply baying note of a ship's siren. Ginnie's hands flew involuntarily to her throat. We all looked from the window—to see, moving in slowly across the dark waters of the bay below, the innumerable lighted portholes of the Karoo Queen.

The Governor now suggested that we people who were sailing in the ship might have packing to see to and wish to take our leave. Availing ourselves of his thoughtfulness, we escorted Ginnie back to her hotel, then hurried to our billets. Without bothering to change, we strapped up our luggage.

"A wonderful stroke of luck, Bunny!" Raffles exulted, patting the box containing the cup. "The thing I dreaded most proves to be the best thing that could possibly happen! The cup gives us a better excuse than any of the half-dozen I'd invented to go aboard right away. More! I had a word with Yorick Hope-Jenyns. I told him I wouldn't know a minute's peace till I'd seen the cup safely deposited in the ship's strongroom, and he's arranging for us to go out in Government House's own launch. So, instead of in a hired bumboat, we'll be arriving in such style as will put us utterly above suspicion as regards—imminent events. Your bags ready? Good. There's a gharry waiting. Yorick is to meet us at the docks."

SO it was that, as a cargo lighter was drawing away from the liner's side an hour later, the stentorian hail of a navy coxswain rang across the starlit water: "Karoo Queen, ahoy! Government House launch coming alongside!"

Stepping on deck as His Excellency's envoy, in full evening dress, cape and opera hat, a Sullivan between his fingers, Raffles with his air of casual authority dimmed even the magnificence of Hope-Jenyns's scarlet and gold. And the captain and the purser, on being apprized of Raffles's requirements, personally conducted us to the strongroom to deposit the Governor's box. Shadows cast by the purser's safety-lantern wheeled about the strongroom, with its rows of metal shelves lining reinforced bulkheads. Raffles glanced about him with tolerant interest.

"Quite a Golconda you have here," he remarked, with a smile.

"Golconda's right, sir," said the gratified purser. "In the safe there, South African diamonds. In those small sacks on the shelves, gold dust. As for those small wooden boxes, their weight would surprise you—that's bar gold!"

But I could not take my own eyes from a much larger box, a black wooden box which stood in a corner and which I knew must just have been brought aboard from the lighter we had seen. For its front was labelled: *Porcelain and Benares Ware. Consigned by J. Pascarella, Gibraltar.*

"Well, Yorick," said Raffles, turning to Hope-Jenyns, "I think we'll see you off, and then—if the purser, when he's secured his treasure-chamber here, will be good enough to send us a steward to show us to our cabin—speaking for myself, I shall be very ready to retire to my bunk."

NO sooner were we alone in our cabin than his whole manner changed. "Now, then, Bunny!" He opened his cricket bag, fished out from among the bats and pads a coil of manilla rope and a collection of curious metal objects attached to a ring. "Skeleton keys," he said. "What's known to the professional fraternity as 'a large, light bunch.' Ivor got them from Osmanazar for me. What time is it?"

My hands shook so that I scarcely could get out my half-hunter. "Quarter to two," I said, with parched lips.

"Some time between three and four is the vital hour," said Raffles, "unless Ivor's computations are sadly astray. To be on the safe side, we'll get to action stations as soon as we've changed."

When we had done so, he opened the door a crack, peered out, stepped quickly from the cabin. The alleyway was deserted, dimly lit by the blue glimmer of the safety-lamps. About us was the uncanny silence of a ship at anchor, with engines stopped.

Raffles moved with the swift certainty of a man who knew his way. Only twice were there checks in our descent into the depths of the vessel. One check was when we had to skirt on tiptoe a white-jacketed night steward dozing with folded arms on a laundry hamper in a break of the companion stairs; the other was when we had to duck into a recess to let the ship's corporal, on his rounds with lantern and truncheon, go past us.

Deeper still in the ship, we stole down an iron ladder into a narrow, faintly blue-lit alleyway. Just to the left was a shallow recess in which hung red fire-buckets filled with sand. Ducking into the recess, we just had room to stand upright, side by side. Obliquely ahead along the alleyway, on the right, were three iron doors with small grilles in them, showing them to be cells. Opposite them, from a door standing open, shone a rather stronger, yellowish light.

"The Yard man's observation post," Raffles whispered.

The man was alert. I heard the rustle of a newspaper. I saw a faint curl of smoke from that open door, could even smell shag tobacco. A glass chinked and I heard the *glug-glug* of beer poured from a bottle.

The slow thump in my chest measured the minutes. They stretched to eternity. For what we thus waited I had no notion. It was intensely hot. Perspiration poured from me. My eyes glazed, my mind wandered—to be brought sharply back by Raffles's iron grip on my arm. I held my breath, listened, heard running footsteps. They came closer, grew louder. Startlingly, they came clattering down the ladder.

"Sergeant Teemer!" A young ship's officer darted past our recess. "Detective-Sergeant Teemer!" he shouted.

A burly man, collarless, in shirt-sleeves but wearing both a leather belt and braces, lumbered out into the alleyway, a revolver clamped in one huge hand.

"Mr. Jackson!" he exclaimed. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"You're wanted at the strongroom instantly!" Jackson seemed beside himself with excitement. "Captain's orders! Your prisoner's loose, Sergeant! He's slipped you! They have him cornered, by sheer luck, but he's armed and liable to start shooting any minute. Strongroom fast as you can get. Come *on*, man!"

The detective's jaw fell. He stammered, "Impossible! Slipped me? Armed? Not possible, Mr. Jackson! He's in the middle cell there—asleep!"

"Damnation, man!" roared Jackson, "Ain't I telling you the sly fox is in the strongroom? In among the boodle, his hands right in the perishing till! Purser heard something knocked over in the strongroom with the deuce of a clang. He got a lantern, unlocked the door, and strike me pink, there he was, in hat and cloak, with a revolver in his mitt! Your prisoner, Jack-of-Diamonds—purser saw his face clear as day! Purser slammed the door on him before he could shoot, and cornered him in there!"

The detective gripped the grille of the cell door. He shook it. The door stood firm. He twisted his neck to peer in through the grille, but this act got him into his own light, and there was a hint of panic in his voice as he roared, "*Benedict!*"

From the dark cell came nothing but utter silence.

The detective turned upon Jackson a face of unplumbable consternation. "My keys," he said. "I'll get my keys—I'll get my lamp——"

"You'll get tarnation well hung," shouted Jackson, "if you dither about here while Jack-of-Diamonds starts shooting! He can only have got into the strongroom by cutting through one of the bulkheads somehow, and he may come out the same way any second, and come with bullets! Come *on*, man, come *on*, come *on*!"

JACKSON darted away towards the ladder. The detective seemed to stand poised for a second in demoralized irresolution, then something broke in him and with a great shout he went thundering up the ladder after Jackson.

Instantly, Raffles ducked out from under the fire-buckets and stepped to the door of the cell. The keys were in his hand and, as he went to work on the lock, he called sharply, "Phil?"

At once, a drawn, pale, handsome young face appeared behind the bars of the grille. "A. J.?" Phil Benedict said. "A. J. Raffles? Ye gods! I heard all that shouting. I listened. Last port of call—I thought Ginnie might have schemed some fantastic attempt. It seemed I was believed to be in the strongroom, so I ducked down behind the door here—out of sight——"

"Thank heaven for your quick wits," Raffles said. "I counted on 'em. The only way of getting you a message telling you to do just what you did was to make *them* shout it to you."

He jerked the door open. Phil Benedict, barefoot, in shirt and trousers, stood there blinking. Raffles thrust the coil of rope into his hand.

"Topside now, Phil," Raffles said, "fast as you can go! Tie this rope to the rail, slide down it so that you enter the water without a splash. Swim straight for the lights of Algeciras on

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details on the right, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers will be found on page 48.

BORN:
- A Eighty-four years ago at Herne Hill, London, the son of an engineer.
- B Sixty years ago in Jeparit, Australia, the son of a storekeeper.

FIRST JOB:
- C Winning a mining court case.
- D Laying tramlines in Germany.

HAS SAID:
- E "Being funny is a serious business."
- F "Cockney humour is one of the sweet things in the world."

FAMOUS AS:
- G A young prime minister.
- H A humorous "prime minister."

More people drink

WATNEY'S

than any other

BROWN

ALE

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

the Spanish side. Before you've gone far, a boat will pick you up. There's a man called Ibañez in it—Spanish smuggler. He has clothes, disguise and money for you, and will give you an address in Madrid where you'll find Ginnie waiting. Don't talk! Hook it! Goodbye for ever, Jack-of-Diamonds. *And good luck, Phil!"*

With one swift handshake, Phil was gone, gone like a wraith, barefoot up the iron ladder, gripping the coil of rope. And by rapid stages, now walking fast along the dim-lit alleyways, now darting aside into brief concealment, Raffles and I regained our cabin. At once, he thrust his head from the open porthole, remained there for what seemed to me many minutes. At last he turned, a grey gleam in his eyes.

"Clothes off, and into our bunks quick, Bunny! I've dropped the skeleton keys into the water. No suspicion is likely to attach to the Governor's envoy, but we'd better be in our bunks—just in case. Phil's well away, or we'd have heard a boat being lowered by now. They're probably still cordoning that strongroom, trying to decide whether to chance the odds and open the door."

"In heaven's name," I panted, as I, too, tore off my clothes, "who have they got cornered in there?"

RAFFLES grinned. "Not 'who,' Bunny, 'what'! The lid of the Pascarella box was held in place by a thin wire hook. The wire was treated with an acid, the corrosive action of which was carefully timed by Ivor to within an hour. When the wire snapped, the lid shot back with a deuce of a clang. Up popped, on a powerful spring, a dummy figure, cloaked and hatted, with a wax face fashioned in a pretty good likeness of Phil's, and a dummy revolver jutting from the cloak. Swaying a little on its spring to the movement of the ship it must have made quite a poignant impression upon an alarmed and puzzled man seeing it suddenly among the shadows cast by his lantern. Remember Ivor's remark to Ginnie that Jack-of-Diamonds was caught—he was in the box? For some reason, the fruitful thought crossed my mind that some might think it the proper place for a Jack—*in the box!"*

He turned out the lamp and in the darkness I heard him chuckling.

Yet when, in the sunset light of the following evening, we once more—homeward bound, this time—passed Cape St. Vincent, and I stood with Raffles and Ivor Kern at the promenade-deck rail, we were all three strangely silent. Far inland, beyond the blue mountains of Portugal, lay Spain. And I knew that somewhere there, alone in a train bound for Madrid, Ginnie with her violet eyes, filled with an infinite anxiety and an infinite hope, must be gazing out at the fading sunset. And I wondered how it would be for her, in the outcome—for Ginnie, and the husband and the child who were all her little world.

"They'll be all right," Raffles said. It was as though he had read my thought. And he said, "You know, Bunny, unredeemed sinner as I am, and seldom as I delve into such deep matters, there's something about Ginnie Benedict which makes me believe that a certain plea will be remembered in her behalf—and, through her, in Phil's."

I glanced at him. He was gazing thoughtfully across the water at the distant white flashes where the long Atlantic rollers flung high their spray against the red cliffs of the lonely Cape.

"Plea?" I said, puzzled. "What plea?"

"Forgive us our trespasses," said A. J. Raffles. THE END

WHO'S WHO?

A D E H are the clues on page 47 which help to identify the man on the left as Sir George Robey, "Prime Minister of Mirth."

B C F G identify the man on the right as Robert G. Menzies, who became Prime Minister of Australia at forty-four.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

Continued from page 15

the thing follows a certain pattern. . . . There have been occurrences of this kind before."

"I know." Rapidly the visitor cited half a dozen cases. "All scientists," he said, with significance.

"Yes."

"They have gone beyond the Iron Curtain?"

"It is a possibility, but we do not know."

"But they have gone of their own free will?"

"Even that," said Jessop, "is difficult to say."

"It is not my business, you think?"

"Oh, please."

"But you are right. It is of interest to me only because of Betterton."

"You'll forgive me," said Jessop, "if I don't quite understand your interest. After all, Betterton is only a relation by marriage. You didn't even know him."

"That is true. But to a person like myself, the family is very important. There are obligations." He stood up and bowed stiffly. "I regret that I have trespassed upon your time, and I thank you for your courtesy."

Jessop rose also.

"I'm sorry we cannot help you," he said, "but I assure you we are completely in the dark. If I do hear of anything can I reach you?"

"Care of the U.S. Embassy will find me. I thank you." Again he bowed formally.

Jessop touched the buzzer. Major Glydr went out. Jessop lifted the receiver.

"Ask Colonel Wharton to come to my room."

When Wharton entered the room Jessop said:

"Things are moving—at last."

"How?"

"Mrs. Betterton wants to go abroad."

Wharton whistled. "Going to join hubby?"

"I'm hopeful. She came provided with a convenient letter from her medical adviser. Complete need of rest and change of scene."

"Looks good!"

"Though, of course, it may be true," Jessop warned him. "A simple statement of fact."

"We never take that view here," said Wharton.

"No. I must say she does her stuff very convincingly. Never slips up for a moment."

"You got nothing further from her?"

"One faint lead. The Speeder woman with whom Betterton lunched at the Dorset. He didn't tell his wife about the lunch."

"Oh." Wharton considered. "You think that's relevant?"

JESSOP paused. "It might be. Carol Speeder's name was mentioned before the Committee On Un-American Activities. She was never called, but all the same it *may* be a possible contact. The only one we've found for Betterton so far."

"What about Mrs. Betterton's contacts—any possible contacts lately who could have instigated the going abroad business?"

"No personal contact. She had a letter yesterday from a Pole. A cousin of Betterton's first wife. I had him here just now asking for details, etcetera."

"What's he like?"

"Not real," said Jessop. "All very foreign and correct, got all the 'gen,' curiously unreal as a personality."

"Think he's been the contact to tip her off?"

"It could be. I don't know. He puzzles me."

"Going to keep tabs on him?"

Jessop smiled. "Yes. I pressed the buzzer twice."

"You old spider—with your tricks." Wharton became businesslike again. "Well, what's the form?"

"Janet, I think, and the usual. Spain, or Morocco."

"Not Switzerland?"

"Not this time."

"I should have thought Spain or

"I'm so bored! There's never anything to do in this house"

Morocco would have been difficult for them."

"We mustn't under-estimate our adversaries."

Wharton flipped the security files disgustedly with his nail. "About the only two countries where Betterton *hasn't* been seen," he said with chagrin. "Well, we'll lay it all on. My God, if we fall down on the job this time——"

Jessop leaned back in his chair.

"It's a long time since I've had a holiday," he said. "I'm rather sick of this office. I might take a little trip abroad myself. . . ."

"FLIGHT 108 to Paris. This way, please." The passengers waiting in the lounge at London Airport rose to their feet. Hilary Craven picked up her small, lizard-skin travelling case and moved in the wake of the others, out on to the tarmac. The wind blew sharply cold after the heated air of the lounge.

Hilary shivered and drew her furs a little closer round her. She followed the other passengers across to where the aircraft was waiting. This was it! She was off, escaping! Out of the greyness, the coldness, the dead, numb misery. Escaping to sunshine and blue skies and a new life. She would leave all this weight behind, this dead weight of misery and frustration.

She went up the gangway of her plane, bending her head as she passed inside, and was shown by the steward to her seat. For the first time in months she savoured relief from a pain that had been so sharply acute as almost to be physical. I shall get away, she said to herself, hopefully. I *shall* get away.

The roaring and the movement of the plane excited her. There seemed a kind of elemental savagery in it. Civilized misery, she thought, is the worst misery. Grey and hopeless. But now, she thought, I shall escape.

The plane taxied gently along the runway. The air hostess said: "Fasten your belts, please."

The plane made a half turn and stood awaiting its signal to depart. Hilary thought: perhaps the plane will crash. . . . Perhaps it will never rise off the ground. Then that will be the end, that will be the solution to everything.

They seemed to wait for ages out there on the airfield. Waiting for the signal to start off to freedom, Hilary thought, absurdly: I shall never get away, never. I shall be kept here —a prisoner. . . .

Ah, at last. A final roar of engines, then the plane started forward. Quicker, quicker, racing along. Hilary thought: It won't rise. It can't. . . . This is the end. Ah, they were above the ground now. It seemed not so much that the plane rose as that the earth was falling away, dropping down, thrusting its problems and its disappointments and its frustrations beneath the soaring creature rising up so proudly into the clouds.

Now there were clouds below them, a dense, greyish-white mass. Hilary leaned back, closing her eyes.

Escape. Escape. She had left England, left Nigel, left the sad little mound that was Brenda's grave. All left behind. She opened her eyes, closed them again with a long sigh. She slept. . . .

When Hilary awoke, the plane was coming down. Half-rising, she peered through the window. The fog was very thick. Paris, thought Hilary, and she reached for her handbag. But it was not Paris. The air hostess came down the cabin, saying, with nursery governess brightness: "There's no need for alarm, we are landing you at Beauvais. The fog is much worse in Paris."

The plane was circling slowly. It was some time before it made its landing. Then the passengers were marshalled through cold, damp mist into a rough wooden building with a few chairs and a long wooden counter. Presently they were served with various forms of alcoholic refreshment to boost their morale.

SOME hours passed before anything happened. Other planes appeared out of the fog and landed, also diverted from Paris. Soon the small room was crowded with cold, irritable people grumbling about the delay.

To Hilary it all had an unreal quality. It was as though she was still in a dream, mercifully protected from contact with reality. This was only a delay, only a matter of waiting. She was still on her journey—her journey of escape. She was still getting away from it all, still going towards that spot where her life would start again.

Her mood held. Held through the long, fatiguing delay, held through the moments of chaos when it was announced, long after dark, that buses had come to convey the travellers to Paris.

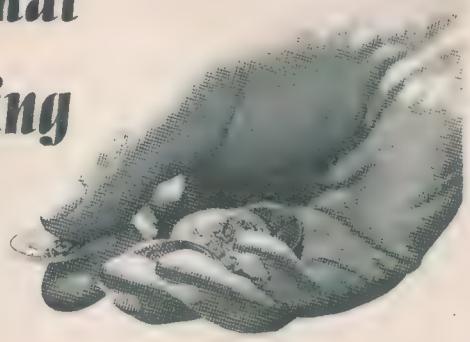
There was then a wild confusion of

Sharps

the word for Toffee

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD. "The Toffee Specialists" MAIDSTONE, KENT
SN4 26

You know what you're getting



What a grand glass of beer! Soft creamy head and clear, amber brilliance to the last drop. Refreshing even to look at, but how much better to drink!

Whitbread's Pale Ale is brewed with a skill that comes from long experience; and it is bottled only by the brewer. Wherever you buy it—at the pub, the club, or from the off-licence to take home—you know you can rely on the quality and on its splendid condition. It may cost you a copper or two more than some beers. But that, surely, is a small price to pay for the best. You will never be disappointed.

when you ask for a WHITBREAD

the best of the light ales

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

Ordinary laxatives couldn't free her from sluggishness and undigested fats—

She is a new woman since taking

BILE BEANS LAXATIVE PLUS

Are you constipated, sluggish, troubled with indigestion?

Do you wake tired, liverish, out of sorts with everybody? It may be that a faulty digestion or sluggish liver is causing undigested fats and other harmful wastes to accumulate. These toxic food wastes can be the unsuspected cause of many common ills and of 'auto-intoxication' (a disorder of the bloodstream). A single purpose laxative brings only limited relief. Attack the *cause* of the trouble with Bile Beans—*The* Laxative plus sodium tauroglycocholate, recommended by doctors everywhere for breaking up and gently disposing of fats and other harmful residues. Take Bile Beans at bedtime—tomorrow you will look and feel your radiant best.

You'd be better taking

BILE BEANS LAXATIVE PLUS

★ *All Bile Beans now on sale are Bile Beans Laxative Plus.*

coming and going: passengers, officials, porters, all carrying baggage, hurrying and colliding in the darkness. In the end Hilary found herself, her feet and legs icy cold, in a bus slowly rumbling its way through the fog towards Paris.

It was a long weary drive taking four hours. It was midnight when they arrived at the Invalides, and Hilary was thankful to collect her baggage and drive to the hotel where accommodation was reserved for her. She was too tired to eat—just had a hot bath and tumbled into bed.

The plane to Casablanca was due to leave Orly Airport at ten thirty the following morning, but when they arrived at Orly everything was confusion. Planes had been grounded in many parts of Europe, arrivals had been delayed as well as departures.

A harassed clerk at the departure desk shrugged his shoulders and said: "Impossible for madame to go on the flight for which she had reservations! The schedules have all had to be changed. If madame will take a seat for a little minute, presumably all will arrange itself."

In the end she was summoned and told that there was a place on a plane going to Dakar which normally did not touch down at Casablanca but would do so on this occasion.

"You will arrive three hours later, that is all, madame, on this service."

Hilary acquiesced without protest and the official seemed surprised and positively delighted by her attitude.

"Madame has no conceptions of the difficulties that have been made to me this morning," he said. "*Enfin*, they are unreasonable, messieurs the travellers. It is not I who made the fog! *Après tout*, madame, a little delay of an hour or two hours or three hours, what does it matter? How can it matter by what plane one arrives at Casablanca?"

Yet on that particular day it mattered more than the little Frenchman knew when he spoke those words. For when Hilary finally arrived and stepped out into the sunshine on to the tarmac, the porter who was moving beside her with his piled-up trolley of luggage observed:

"You made a lucky change, madame. You did well not to take the plane before this, the regular plane for Casablanca."

Hilary said: "Why, what happened?"

The man looked uneasily to and fro, but after all, the news could not be kept secret. He lowered his voice confidentially and leaned towards her.

"*Mauvaise affaire!*" he muttered. "That plane crashed—landing. Almost everyone was killed—the pilot and the passengers. Four or five were alive and have been taken to hospital. Some of those are badly hurt."

Hilary's first reaction was a kind of blinding anger. Almost unprompted, there leaped into her mind the thought: Why wasn't *I* in that plane? If I had been, it would have been all over now—I should be dead, out of it all. No more heartaches, no more misery. The people in that plane wanted to live. And I—I don't care. Why shouldn't it have been me?

She passed through the Customs, a perfunctory affair, and drove with her baggage to the hotel. It was a glorious, sunlit afternoon, with the sun just sinking to rest. The clear air and golden light—it was all as she had pictured it. She had arrived! She had left the fog, the cold, the darkness of London; she had left behind her misery and indecision and suffering. Here there was pulsating life and colour and sunshine.

She crossed her bedroom and threw open the shutters, looking out into the street. Yes, it was all as she had pictured it would be. Hilary turned slowly away from the window and sat down on the side of the bed. Escape, escape! That was the refrain that had hummed incessantly in her mind ever since she left England. Escape. Escape. And now she knew—knew with a horrible, stricken coldness—*that there was no escape*.

She said very softly to herself: "What a fool I've been—what a fool I am. Why did I think that I'd feel differently away from England?"

Brenda's grave, that small pathetic mound, was in England, and Nigel would shortly be marrying his new wife, in England. Why had she imagined that those two things would matter less to her here? Wishful thinking, that was all. Well, that was all over now. She was up against reality. The reality of herself and what she could bear, and what she could not bear.

One could bear things, Hilary thought, so long as there was a *reason* for bearing them. She had borne her own long illness, as she had borne Nigel's defection and the cruel and brutal circumstances in which it had operated. She had borne these things because there was Brenda. Then had come the long, slow, losing fight for Brenda's life—the final defeat. . . . Now there was nothing to live for any longer. It had taken the journey to Morocco to prove that to her.

If the fog had not intervened, if she had travelled on the plane on which her reservations had been made, then her problem might have been solved by now. She might be lying now in some French official mortuary, her body broken and battered, but her spirit at peace, freed from suffering. Well, the same end could be achieved, but she would have to take a little trouble.

It would have been so easy if she had had sleeping stuff with her. She remembered how she had asked Dr. Grey and the rather queer look on his face as he had answered:

"Better not. Much better to learn to sleep naturally. May be hard at first, but it will come."

A queer look on his face. Had he known then or suspected that it would come to this? Oh well, it should not be difficult. She rose to her feet with decision. She would go out now to a chemist's shop.

Hilary had always imagined that drugs were easy to buy in foreign cities. To her surprise, she found that this was not so. The chemist she went to first supplied her with only two doses. For more than that amount, he said, a doctor's prescription would be advisable. She thanked him smilingly and nonchalantly and went rather quickly out of the shop, colliding as she did so with a tall, rather solemn-faced young man, who apologized in English. She heard him asking for toothpaste as she left the shop.

Somehow that amused her. Toothpaste. It seemed so ridiculous, so normal, so everyday. Then a sharp pang pierced her, for the toothpaste he had asked for was the brand that Nigel had always preferred. She crossed the street and went into a shop

See What You're Missing . . .

. . . If you don't get JOHN BULL next week. Read the announcements on pages 4, 17, and 38. Make sure of your copy—order it at once

TO NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSTALL: PLEASE DELIVER/RESERVE JOHN BULL EVERY WEEK

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"Let's have a little action"

"That's better"

opposite. She had been to four chemist's shops by the time she returned to the hotel. It had amused her a little that in the third shop the owlish young man had again appeared, once more asking obstinately for his particular brand of toothpaste, which evidently was not one commonly stocked by French chemists in Casablanca.

As she changed her frock and made up her face before going down for dinner, Hilary felt almost lighthearted. She purposely went down as late as possible since she was anxious not to encounter any of her fellow travellers or the crew of the aeroplane. That was hardly likely in any case, since the plane had gone on to Dakar, and she thought that she had been the only person put off at Casablanca.

The restaurant was almost empty by the time she came into it, though she noticed that the young Englishman with the owl-like face was just finishing his meal at the table by the wall. He was reading a French newspaper and seemed quite absorbed in it.

Hilary ordered herself a good meal with a half-bottle of wine. She was feeling a heady kind of excitement. She thought to herself: What is this, after all, but the last adventure? Then she ordered a bottle of Vichy water to be sent up to her room and went straight up after leaving the dining-room.

The waiter brought the Vichy water, placed it on the dressing-table, and, wishing her good night, left the room. Hilary drew a sigh of relief. As he closed the door after him, she went to it and turned the key in the lock. She took from the drawer of the dressing-table the four little packets she had obtained from the chemists, and unwrapped them. She laid the tablets out on the table and poured herself out a glass of Vichy water. Since the drugs were in tablet form, she had only to swallow them, and wash them down with the Vichy water.

She undressed, wrapped her dressing-gown round her and sat down at the dressing-table. Her heart beat faster. She felt something like fear now, but the fear was half fascination and not the kind of flinching that would have tempted her to abandon her plan. She was quite calm and clear about that. This was escape at last—real escape. She looked down at the table, debating whether she would leave a note. She decided against it. She had no relations, no close or dear friends; there was nobody to whom she wished to say goodbye.

As for Nigel, she had no wish to burden him with useless remorse even if a note from her would have achieved that object. Nigel would read presumably in the paper that a Mrs. Hilary Craven had died of an overdose of sleeping tablets in Casablanca. It would probably be quite a small paragraph. He would accept it at its face value. "Poor old Hilary," he would say, "bad luck"—and it might be that, secretly, he would be rather relieved. Because she guessed that she was, slightly, on Nigel's conscience, and he was a man who wished to feel comfortable with himself.

Already Nigel seemed very far away and curiously unimportant. There was nothing more to be done. She would swallow the pills and lie down on her bed and sleep. From that sleep she would not awake. Already the past was cut away from her. The long aching misery that had dragged her down in her waking hours was gone. Yes. Light, free, unencumbered! Ready to start on her journey, to an unknown destination.

She stretched out her hand and picked up the first tablet. As she did so there came a soft, discreet tap on the door. Hilary frowned. She sat there, her hand arrested in mid-air. Who was it—a chambermaid? No, the bed had already been turned down. Somebody, perhaps, about papers or passport? She shrugged her shoulders. She would not answer the door. Why should she bother? Presently whoever it was would go away and come back at some further opportunity.

The knock came again, a little louder this time. But Hilary did not move. There could be no real urgency, and whoever it was would soon go away.

The door was reflected in her mirror, and she watched it closely. Suddenly her eyes widened with astonishment. The key was slowly turning backward in the keyhole. It jerked forward and fell on the floor with a metallic clang. Then the handle turned, the door opened and a man came in. She recognized him as the solemn, owlish young man who had been buying toothpaste. Hilary stared at his reflection. She was too startled for the moment to say or do anything.

The young man turned round, shut the door, picked the key up from the

Savile Row
FOR MEN THIS AUTUMN

MADE BY George Webb IN NORTHAMPTON

Top: Brown sports shoe with crepe or leather sole - - - - 69/9
Centre: Black or Mulberry Tan sports shoe with leather sole - - 54/9
Bottom: Black or Brown Oxford with stout leather sole - - - 49/9

MANY OTHER STYLES FOR EVERY OCCASION from 49/9 to 89/9

For brochure and retailer's address write Savile Row Shoemakers, Dept. J.B.4, Northampton.

Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

[NCC 868T]

floor, put it into the lock and turned it. Then he came across and sat down in a chair by the dressing-table. He said, and it seemed to her a most incongruous remark:

"My name's Jessop."

The colour rose sharply in Hilary's face. She leaned forward. She said with cold anger: "What do you think you're doing here, may I ask?"

He looked at her solemnly—and blinked. "Funny," he said. "I came to ask you that." He gave a quick sideways nod towards the preparations on the dressing-table.

Hilary said sharply: "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh yes, you do."

Hilary paused, struggling for words. There were so many things she wanted to say. To express indignation. To order him out of the room. But strangely enough, it was curiosity that won the day. The question rose to her lips so naturally that she was almost unaware of asking it.

"That key," she said, "it turned, of itself, in the lock?"

"Oh, that!" The young man gave a sudden boyish grin that transformed his face. He put his hand into his pocket, and taking out a small metal instrument, he handed it to her to examine.

"There you are," he said, "very handy little tool. Insert it into the lock the other side and it grips the key and turns it."

He took it back from her and put it in his pocket. "Burglars use them," he said.

"So you're a burglar?"

"No, no, Mrs. Craven, do me justice. I did knock, you know. Burglars don't knock. Then, when it seemed you weren't going to let me in, I used this."

"But why?"

AGAIN her visitor's eyes strayed to the preparations on the table. "I shouldn't do it if I were you," he said. "It isn't a bit what you think, you know. You think you just go to sleep and don't wake up. But it's not quite like that. All sorts of unpleasant effects. Nausea sometimes, queer and terrifying hallucinations. If you're resistant to the drug, it takes a long time to work, and someone gets to you in time and then all sorts of unpleasant things happen. Stomach pump, hot coffee, slapping and pushing. All very undignified, I assure you."

Hilary leaned back in her chair, her eyelids narrowed. She clenched her hands slightly. She forced herself to smile.

"What a ridiculous person you are," she said. "Do you imagine that I was committing suicide, or something like that?"

"Not only imagine it," said the young man called Jessop, "I'm quite sure of it. I was in that chemist's you know, when you came in. Buying toothpaste, as a matter of fact. Well, they hadn't got the sort I like, so I went to another shop. And there you were, asking for sleeping pills again. Well, I thought that was a bit odd, you know, so I followed you. All those sleeping pills at different places. It could only add up to one thing."

His tone was friendly, offhand, but quite assured. Looking at him, Hilary Craven abandoned pretence.

"Then don't you think it is unwarrantable impertinence on your part to try and stop me?"

He considered the point for a moment or two. Then he shook his head. "No. It's one of those things that you can't not do—if you understand."

Hilary spoke with energy. "You can stop me for the moment. I mean you can take the pills away—throw them out of the window or something like that—but you can't stop me from buying more another day or throwing myself down from the top floor of the building, or jumping in front of a train."

The young man considered this. "No," he said. "I agree I can't stop you doing any of those things. But it's a question, you know, whether you will do them. Tomorrow, that is."

"You think I shall feel differently

"I don't know when I've seen the bus so crowded"

tomorrow?" asked Hilary, faint bitterness in her tone.

"People do," said Jessop, almost apologetically.

"Yes, perhaps," she considered. "If you're doing things in a mood of hot despair. But when it's cold despair, it's different. I've nothing to live for, you see."

Jessop put his rather owlish head on one side, and blinked. "Interesting," he remarked.

"Not really. Not interesting at all. I'm not a very interesting woman. My husband, whom I loved, left me, my only child died very painfully of meningitis. I've no near friends or relations. I've no vocation, no art or craft or work that I love doing."

"Tough," said Jessop appreciatively. He added, rather hesitantly: "You don't think of it as—wrong?"

Hilary said heatedly: "Why should it be wrong? It's *my* life."

"Oh yes, yes," Jessop repeated hastily. "I'm not taking a high moral line myself, but there are people, you know, who think it's wrong."

Hilary said, "I'm not one of them."

He sat there looking at her, blinking his eyes thoughtfully. Hilary said: "So perhaps now, Mr.—er——"

"Jessop," said the young man.

"So perhaps now, Mr. Jessop, you will leave me alone."

BUT Jessop shook his head. "Not just yet," he said. "I wanted to know, you see, just what was behind it all. I've got it clear now, have I? You're not interested in life, you don't want to live any longer, you more or less welcome the idea of death?"

"Yes."

"Good," said Jessop, cheerfully. "So now we know where we are. Let's go on to the next step. Has it *got* to be sleeping pills?"

"I don't understand what you mean."

"I'm suggesting another method. Rather a sporting method, really. There's some excitement in it, too. I'll be fair with you. There's just a hundred to one chance that you mightn't die. But I don't believe under the circumstances, that you'd really object by that time."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"Of course you haven't," said Jessop. "I've not begun to tell you about it yet. I'm afraid I'll have to make rather a thing about it—tell you a story, I mean. Shall I go ahead?"

"I suppose so."

Jessop paid no attention to the grudgingness of the assent. He started off in his most solemn and owl-like manner.

"You're the sort of woman who reads the papers and keeps up with things generally, I expect," he said. "You'll have read about the disappearance of various scientists from time to time. There was that Italian chap about a year ago, and about two months ago a young scientist called Thomas Betterton disappeared."

Hilary nodded. "Yes, I read about that in the papers."

"Well, there's been a good deal more than has appeared in the papers. More people, I mean, have disappeared. Some of them have been young men who were engaged in important medical research. Some of them have been research chemists, some of them have been physicists, there was one barrister. Oh, quite a lot here and there and everywhere. Well, ours is a so-called free country. Yon can leave it if you like. But in these peculiar circumstances we've got to know why these people left it and where they went, and, also important, *how* they went. Did they go of their own free will? Were they kidnapped? Were they blackmailed into going? What route did they take—what kind of organization is it that sets this in motion, and what is its ultimate aim? Lots of questions—and we want the answer to them." He paused. "You might be able to help get us that answer."

Hilary stared at him. "Me? How? Why?"

"I'm coming down to the particular case of Thomas Betterton. He disappeared from Paris just over two months ago. He left a wife in England. She was distracted—or said she was distracted. She swore that she had no idea why he'd gone or where or how. That may be true, or it may not. Some people—and I'm one of them—think it wasn't true."

Hilary leaned forward in her chair. In spite of herself, she was becoming interested.

Jessop went on. "We prepared to keep a nice, unobtrusive eye on Mrs. Betterton. About a fortnight ago she came to me and told me she had been ordered by her doctor to go abroad, take a thorough rest and get some distraction. She was doing no good in England, and people were continually bothering her—newspapers reporters, relations, kind friends."

Hilary said dryly: "I can imagine it."

"Yes, tough. Quite natural she would want to get away for a bit."

"Quite natural, I should think."

"But we've got nasty, suspicious minds in our department, you know. We arranged to keep tabs on Mrs. Betterton. Yesterday she left England as arranged, for Casablanca."

"Casablanca?"

"Yes—en route to other places in Morocco, of course. All quite open and above board—plans made, bookings ahead. But it may be that this trip to Morocco is where Mrs. Betterton steps off into the unknown."

Hilary shrugged her shoulders. "I don't see where I come in to all this."

Jessop smiled. "You come into it because you've got a very magnificent head of red hair, Mrs. Craven."

"Hair?"

"Yes. It's the most noticeable thing about Mrs. Betterton—her hair. You've heard, perhaps, that the plane before yours crashed on landing."

"I know. I should have been on that plane. I actually had reservations for it."

"Interesting," said Jessop. "Well, Mrs. Betterton was on that plane. She wasn't killed. She was taken out of the wreckage still alive, and she is in hospital now. But according to the doctor, she won't be alive tomorrow."

A faint glimmer of light came to Hilary. She looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes," said Jessop, "perhaps now you see the form of suicide I'm offering you. I'm suggesting that Mrs. Betterton goes on with her journey. I'm suggesting that you should become Mrs. Betterton."

"But surely," said Hilary, "that would be quite impossible. I mean, they'd know at once she wasn't me."

JESSOP put his head on one side. "That, of course, depends entirely on who you mean by 'they.' It's a very vague term. Who is or are 'they'? Is there such a thing? Are there such persons as 'they'? We don't know. But I can tell you this. If the most popular explanation of 'they' is accepted, then these people work in very close, self-contained cells. They do that for their own security. If Mrs. Betterton's journey had a purpose and is planned, then the people who were in charge of it here will know nothing about the English side of it. At the appointed moment they will contact a certain woman at a certain place, and carry on from there. Mrs. Betterton's passport description is five foot seven, red, hair, green eyes, no distinguishing marks. Good enough."

"But the authorities here. Surely they——"

Jessop smiled. "That part of it will be quite all right. The French have lost a few valuable young physicists and chemists of their own. They'll co-operate. The facts will be as follows. Mrs. Betterton, suffering from concussion, is taken to hospital. Mrs. Craven, another passenger in the crashed plane will also be admitted to hospital. Within a day or two Mrs. Craven will die in hospital, and Mrs. Betterton will be discharged, suffering slightly from concussion, but able to proceed on her tour. The crash was genuine, the concussion is genuine, and concussion makes a very good cover for you. It excuses a lot of things like lapses of memory, and various unpredictable behaviour."

Hilary said: "It would be madness!"

"Oh, yes," said Jessop. "it's madness, all right. It's a very tough assignment and if our suspicions are realized, you'll probably cop it. You see, I'm being quite frank, but according to you, you're prepared and anxious to cop it. As an alternative to throwing yourself in front of a train or something like that, I should think you'd find it far more amusing."

Suddenly and unexpectedly Hilary laughed. "I do believe," she said, "that you're quite right."

"You'll do it?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"In that case," said Jessop, rising from his seat with sudden energy, "there's absolutely no time to be lost."

To be continued next week

SUSPICION

Continued from page 21

universal condemnation. He would not be the only one to suffer. News of the betrayal would travel to their home-town a hundred miles away where his mother, Bontang's sister, would also be ostracized for what her son had done.

Quaye guessed that Bontang would retire to his room and behind a locked door and shuttered windows put the money away in a padlocked iron box under his bed. Dubiasi and its people and their ways of life disgusted Quaye. He hated the smelly houses and compounds ridden with goats and chickens, the ignorance, the superstition, the belief in fetish, the complete absence of the cultural activities to which five years in the secondary school had accustomed him.

Some months ago he had applied for a government scholarship which would give him three years at a university in England, that land of alleged wonders, followed by a government appointment with five or six times his present salary and a European bungalow to live in. Like some of his contemporaries, he might even be made a district commissioner, the equal of Stanton himself. But he had heard no more of his application; there would be hundreds of others, and much would depend on the recommendation that Stanton had given him.

Since coming to Dubiasi nearly a year ago, Quaye had felt himself neglected by Stanton. There had been a quick handshake of welcome, a nod, a single penetrating look.

"I hope you like this place. Bontang's nephew, aren't you? He'll show you the ropes."

There had been nothing since. Stanton must know who did most of the work. He knew most things in Dubiasi. But he never showed any appreciation. Of course, he was difficult to understand. He kept aloof from the people. He seemed to know everything by intuition. He had settled inter-tribal disputes over land which had been outstanding for years. He was quick, incisive, razor-sharp.

Quaye used to hope for opportunities of conversation. He used to linger at the spot where the drive to Stanton's bungalow turned off the main road, in the hope of a chance meeting. He was sick of Bontang's compound where the women were always pounding fufu, suckling infants or screaming at each other, and the parasitical young men of the household spent the day playing draughts or sprawling idly. He wanted society of a higher kind. He was nearer Stanton's level than Bontang's. He was educated.

But Stanton never gave Quaye an opening. He classed him with the rest, probably—"Bontang's nephew," no more than that—unaware of his fitness or yearning for better things.

Quaye reflected that there was every justification for going to see him now, in his house, this very evening. It was his duty. Stanton—the government—would have to recognize him then. By putting civic duty before family obligations he would have proved his superiority. It would mark him out from all his contemporaries and greatly improve his chances of a scholarship. And perhaps his name could be kept out of it after all. The government always sought to protect its informers.

FOR the rest of the afternoon Quaye kept an unobtrusive eye on Bontang's movements. His uncle did not leave the compound. After retiring to his room as Quaye had foreseen, he emerged in his braces and sat in the middle of the compound, resting after the heat of the day. Quaye made some commonplace remarks about the theft to draw him out, but Bontang merely shrugged and said:

"I cannot tell why the D.C. is making all this palaver. It is only government funds."

"He may have to pay some of it himself if it's not found."

"All Europeans have one hell of money," asserted Mr. Bontang, leaning back comfortably.

When the sun had gone down, three of his friends came to join him—a local letter-writer, the postmaster, the market-clerk. Bontang sent out his two small sons for half a dozen bottles of iced beer. Soon the party was all set for a couple of hours at least.

Quaye, wrapped in his native cloth, slipped out into the unlit street. But before he had gone far he heard the sound of heavy boots marching up behind him and a hand gripped his elbow.

"Mr. Quaye, the D.C. wants to see you," said the policeman. "I go take you."

Since leaving the office, Stanton had been considering the afternoon's events. He had been inexcusably careless. The stupid clumsiness of the lorry-driver had got under his skin; like any young fool in his first tour he had let his attention be distracted and the government had lost £100.

Resentfully, he looked out from the end of the garden over the closely packed trees of the forest stretching unbroken down the valley. There was no movement and the silence and isolation were menacing by their very completeness. It was as if all sign of life were being deliberately concealed, for a purpose.

THE bungalow had few visitors—it was off the beaten track—and the absence of life and movement had acted on him as a goad. That was why he had made the garden. It was an outlet for his emotion. The massing of colours in riotous contrast and profusion, the emblazoning of this remote spot, was his defiant rejoinder to the loneliness which beset him.

It was automatic for Stanton to take all practicable steps for the recovery of the money, even to the extent of scattering most of the local police force over the countryside in about as hopeless a quest as could be imagined. But there were other possibilities. Both Quaye and Bontang had also been in the court-room. They had not been found with the money when searched but they could have handed it to a friend in the crowd. It was a possibility; and Stanton believed that every possibility, every suspicion, should be pursued to the limit.

Bontang, in Stanton's view, was unlikely to steal. He was the old, long-service chief clerk, slow-witted, lazy, self-important, usually in debt, and up to all the dodges of borrowing from the petty cash without detection; but essentially loyal and honest beyond a certain point; whereas Quaye was smart, untried, inclined to be aloof, an unknown quantity. There were times when he liked Quaye. He was industrious, unprecocious, in many ways a cut above the usual run of junior clerks. He was a type the country wanted. The government had him under consideration for a scholarship and Stanton had given him a favourable report. It would be a pity if that report now had to be reversed.

Stanton wanted the truth of this affair. He would be at odds with himself and the country till he found it. If either of the two clerks had picked up the money and handed it to a friend, the friend would take the first safe opportunity of handing it back. It would be "hot money" which he wouldn't want to keep a moment longer than necessary. And the first safe opportunity would be after dark, tonight.

Stanton could be ruthless on occasion. From the telephone he gave his instructions to the police inspector. . . .

Stanton dismissed the policeman who had escorted Quaye from the town. He seated himself in a canvas chair on the veranda while Quaye, a dark figure in native cloth, stood before him, just inside the circle of light cast by the pressure lamp hissing on a tall wooden stand behind Stanton's chair. The scent of the flowers in the garden below filled the air.

Quaye's eyes glittered nervously, but he said nothing. All his native instincts enjoined him to wait for Stanton to show his hand.

"I've sent for you," Stanton began, "in order to speak to you about this afternoon. You no doubt

Not everyone realizes that Jack Hawkins' recent film triumphs were preceded by many successful, if less spectacular, years on the stage. He met his wife Doreen (they have two sons) in India during the war, when she was on an ENSA tour and he was serving in South East Asia Command. His sensational successes "The Cruel Sea," "Malta Story," and "The Intruder" are now followed by "The Seekers" (J. Arthur Rank Organisation release)—filmed in New Zealand. For her birthday, he gave his wife a Parker '51.'

Jack Hawkins gave his wife a Parker '51' for her birthday

*

CONTEMPORARY ELEGANCE

and an ink system far ahead of any other

*

TO PEOPLE WHO ARE ACCUSTOMED to the best of everything, no other writing instrument but a New Parker '51' is really acceptable.

Its design is both elegant and practical; it is truly graceful in the best contemporary manner. What is more, the New Parker '51' is mechanically far ahead of any other pen, since its Aero-metric Ink System draws up, stores, and releases ink in a unique way—setting new standards of reliable writing.

As a special gift for a particular occasion, anyone would be honoured to receive a Parker '51.' Buy one for yourself, and you will have a constant, treasured companion.

Choice of four colours, and eight different nib grades to suit every hand. With Rolled Gold cap, now only **105/-**; *with Lustraloy cap* **82/3**.

THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET

The famous '51' pen with matching continuous-feed pencil. In elegant presentation case.

ROLLED GOLD CAPS - -	£7.18.6
PENCIL ALONE - - - - - -	52/6
LUSTRALOY CAPS - - -	£6.4.0
PENCIL ALONE - - - - - -	40/10

Other famous Parker models—each with modern simplified filling system, visible ink supply, and the famous Parker arrow clip. The new large Senior Duofold pen at **43/-**, the slightly smaller Duofold pen at **37/11**, the shorter and slimmer New Victory at **30/11**, the slender, elegant Slimfold at **23/11**, a pen for smaller hands. Pencil to match al these models, **20/5**. Presentation boxes available for all pen and pencil sets

new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED · BUSH HOUSE · LONDON W.C.2

realize that the office staff—that means you and Bontang—must to some extent be under suspicion. You were there and you had the same opportunity as everybody else." He scrutinized Quaye as he spoke, searching for some clue to his reactions.

"And if that suspicion's not resolved it may affect your whole future, even if nothing's proved. It may make just the difference between you getting a promotion, or a scholarship, and the next man. Bontang's old, of course, so in his case it doesn't matter so much. But for you, with all your service in front of you. . . . You understand?"

Quaye's lips moved in assent. He understood, and it was painful. The District Commissioner thought no more of him than to class him as a suspect with everyone else. And yet there was something he did not quite understand. Stanton's tone had been formal enough, but to Quaye, accustomed as he was to Stanton's manner after several months of admiring observation, there was a change. The words came more slowly, they had less edge. Stanton seemed in some way to be holding himself in. There was, perhaps, something more behind this than a mere routine examination.

"And so," Stanton continued, "I've decided to give you this opportunity of telling me anything you may know about this matter." He put in a quick thrust. "You didn't take the money yourself, did you?"

"Sir?" Quaye opened his eyes very wide. He was not going to be thrown off his balance. He was not going to be reduced to cringing protestations of innocence, as he had seen so many other victims of Stanton's rapier-like manner.

"It's a question I've got to ask you," Stanton went on. He did not usually stop to justify himself. "Surely you see that. Did you or didn't you?"

"It was not me, please." Unflinching, he returned Stanton's stare. "I believe it may have been my uncle."

"You mean Bontang?" Doubly alert, Stanton leaned forward. "Surely not! What makes you say that? Did you see him?"

"I did not actually see him, sir, but——"

"Then why are you accusing him?"

"I am coming, sir. I turned round from the window just as he was straightening up from the table. I believe he had just put the money in his pocket. He has many debts in town."

"But why tell me all this now? Why wait until I've sent policemen chasing all round the district?"

"Please, sir, Mr. Bontang is my maternal uncle. It is very difficult for me to say anything against him. I could not tell you in public."

"And would you have told me now if I hadn't sent for you?"

Cut and thrust, cut and thrust. Instead of being grateful for the information, the District Commissioner was cross-examining him like a man in the dock.

"Yes, sir. I was on my way when your policeman found me. If you ask him he will tell you it is true." He watched Stanton's white, sharply cut features for some further hint of sympathy. But it was still the face of the cross-examining prosecutor.

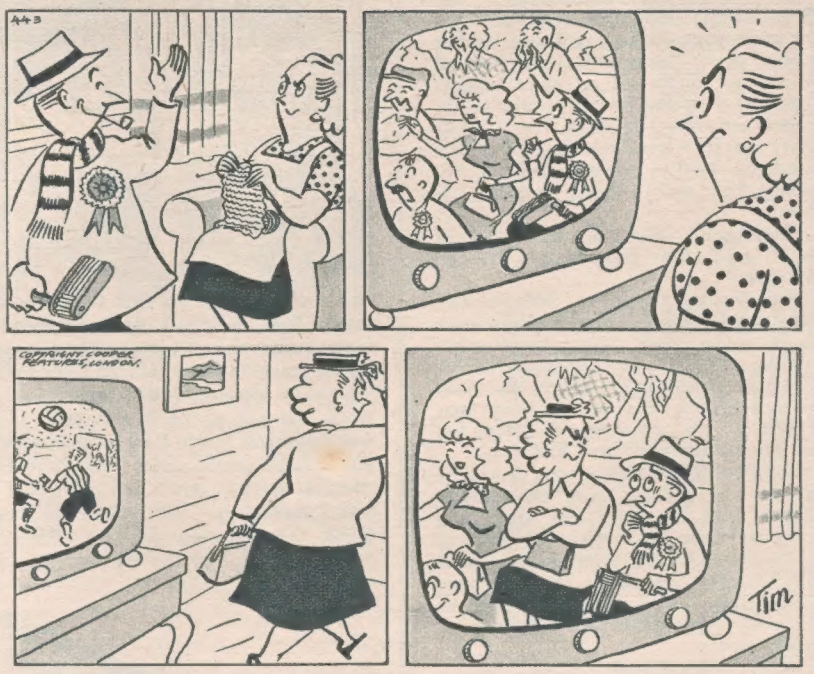
"So you really want me to believe that Bontang took the money, do you?"

"It is what I think, please. If you instruct the police to search his room——"

"They are searching it." Stanton's voice was crisp. "Yours, too. The whole compound. I want the truth of this affair and I'm not missing any chances."

If he had expected any sign of alarm from Quaye at this playing of his trump card, he was disappointed. With lips parted and breath slightly held, Quaye was smiling, from admiration at the neatness by which he, the main suspect, had been brought all unsuspecting out of the place before the search began. At least, he supposed he was the main suspect. Otherwise it would no doubt have been Bontang

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



who would have felt the grip on his arm; as probably he still would.

The police would turn every room inside out. During Stanton's time in Dubiasi they had been well drilled. They went in fear of their jobs. They would delight in proving their efficiency by the zeal with which they ripped open and pulled everything out. In the court registrar's house, too.

"What the devil are you grinning at?" Stanton demanded. "The search is too late! Is that it?"

"Oh, no, sir, not that at all, sir. I was just thinking that Mr. Bontang, my uncle, will be very much surprised."

"H'm! I'll bet he will."

A smile—of satisfaction, anticipated triumph, or even of shared amusement—lightened for an instant Stanton's face. Then, once more, Quaye came under observation. He felt himself being summed up as the District Commissioner's eyes ranged over him. Stanton's smile had gone and his forehead with its sweaty glisten was now contracted and his lower lip drawn in. They were the signs, well known to Quaye, of an approaching decision. Stanton was coming down either for him or against him.

He had an urge to speak out and declare his essential honesty of purpose. But he folded his arms and stood there facing the lamp, dark and impassive, his head high, the folds of his cloth across one shoulder and a bronze-like sheen on the naked curve of the other. Past Stanton's head he could see into the living-room where the gleams of pictures, silver and book-lined shelves hinted at the life he wanted. But without Stanton's support he might never get it. He would remain a clerk. He would finish up like Bontang.

The telephone in the bungalow began ringing.

"The inspector," said Stanton, with a parting glance as he went to answer it. "Sooner than I expected."

There was silence for a while and then Stanton's elated voice rang out from the bungalow.

"You have? . . . Good work, Inspector! Admitted to everything, has he? And the money's intact? Fine. Yes, lock him up for the night and I'll see him in the morning."

With quick strides, Stanton was back on the veranda. He was rubbing his hands and his face was jubilant. But when his eyes fell on Quaye, his mood changed.

"What do you mean by this cock-and-bull story?" he asked sharply. "It wasn't Bontang at all. It was one of the farmers. They've just brought him in. They picked him up near his village. The silly ass started bolting as soon as he saw a policeman."

The news had transformed him. Once more he rubbed his hands, half turned on his feet, swung back again, and began pacing to and fro.

Dully, Quaye had lowered his eyes. A sense of shame nearly overwhelmed him. He knew what Stanton was thinking; that he had fabricated a charge against Bontang for his own base ends. He wanted to turn and escape down the veranda steps into the darkness.

Presently Stanton halted and confronted him from behind the chair.

"What do you mean by it?" he demanded. "You came here with this tale. Why?" He was gripping the back of the chair, half leaning over it, and his frowning, taut expression was of one straining to understand.

Quaye saw his whole future in jeopardy. The urge to speak out became compelling. Nervously, he adjusted the cloth over his shoulder.

"I am very sorry, sir. I have made a mistake."

"You have, eh?"

"I thought it my duty to report to you what I had seen. I cannot spread false rumours about my relatives. I have not lied to you, sir."

Stanton's eyes continued to bore into him but he struggled on, unable to avoid entirely the old formal phrases. "I have always tried to—to render satisfactory service. I have never done anything bad. I am asking you to have confidence in me, sir. I—I—" he brought it out as if he were putting down between them his last and most valuable coin—"I have always wanted to help you, sir—to be your friend."

The District Commissioner looked away as if a little embarrassed and took a slow walk to the end of the veranda and back, leaving, so to speak, the coin where Quaye had placed it. Then, squaring his shoulders, he confronted Quaye again.

"Did you decide to come up here from a sense of duty or to improve your chances of a scholarship?" he demanded.

Quickly he checked Quaye's instinctive response. "Think before you answer."

He gave him another hard, direct look and turned to resume his slow pacing of the veranda, as if to leave Quaye alone with himself to search out the truth. *Take your time,* he seemed to be saying. And Quaye, with the sense that his innermost self was being stripped bare, could see that this was no time for the superficial, face-saving answer which had first risen to his lips. Stanton would have flayed him mercilessly and sent him cringing away down the veranda steps, relegated finally to the category of the shallow and the insincere.

He did not belong to that category. He was aware of it and he revolted from it. He was worth more. Only by speaking the truth could he prove his worth. But he insisted to himself that a sense of duty had been a motive. For what was his disgust with all that Bontang stood for but a reflection of his sense of duty, an urge to higher standards?

He raised his eyes as Stanton drew opposite.

"Please, sir, I think it was both."

"Both?" Stanton halted. "That's honest, anyway. But it shouldn't have been both. Wasn't duty enough?"

"I can't tell, please."

It was the truth. He could say no more, could scarcely think any more. He felt he had been wrung and squeezed and left limp.

"I don't suppose you can tell," said the District Commissioner in a relaxed tone, swinging off again on another leisurely patrol of the veranda. "Motives are generally mixed, anyway. But the trouble with you, Quaye, is you're too proud. You think you're too good for Dubiasi. You go to a fine school, collect a lot of knowledge and fine ideas, and come back to a place like this with a hearty contempt for everybody and everything about you. I'm not saying you should approve of Dubiasi and shouldn't want to change it. But it's your country and you shouldn't be ashamed of it.

"Some of your colleagues want scholarships just to have a good time in England and then be big masters here. What use will they be to their people with that kind of attitude? Would you recognize yourself in that category?"

He had gone on walking as he spoke, throwing the words over his shoulder in a way that was almost casual and giving an occasional sidelong glance to see how Quaye was taking them.

Quaye listened with growing hopelessness and a sense of utter inadequacy. He had been reduced beyond the point of resentment or protestation. He saw himself as worthless and unregarded, with the essential things unlearned, for all his boasted education.

He shuffled his feet into his sandals.

"Thank you, sir," he said quietly. "You have made things very clear to me."

He turned towards the veranda steps, readjusting the folds of his cloth and throwing them back across his shoulder in a decisive flourish.

"Just a minute, Quaye," Stanton's voice arrested him. "In point of fact, you have got a scholarship. I had a telephone message from the Provincial Commissioner just before you reached here. So you can see it was even more necessary that I should know your part in this affair. I might have had to stop the award. As it is . . . you'd better get ready to leave next week."

The dark face was at first incredulous, but in a moment Quaye had taken a step forward, his eyes and teeth gleaming. "You said, sir, I'd been given a scholarship? And you're not going to——"

"Stop it? No. But I'm glad we've had this little talk, Quaye. With a lot of other people it wouldn't have been worth it. They wouldn't have understood. But you—yes, I think you do understand. And so I think you'll make good. I'm trusting you, you see."

A few minutes later, the District Commissioner was alone on the veranda. Quaye's footsteps on the way back to town receded. The boy had almost gone down on his knees. Embarrassing, really. His face had been —well, transfigured. *"I will never forget you, sir."*

Stanton sighed. It had been a trying day, one of the worst. But now he forgot his depression. He had had a wonderful piece of luck over the money; and with Quaye he had perhaps done the greatest piece of good that he had ever done. THE END

(World Copyright. All rights reserved.)

"Suspicion," by Jonas Lamptey, is the third of four British entries to the 1954 World Prize Story Contest. Writers of sixteen nations are competing for a first prize of 5,000 dollars. John Bull will publish all four British entries

WISDOM

leaps into the picture for "Bullets" BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

GUESTS at the *Bullets* Party will meet the famous Norman Wisdom backstage, after enjoying his latest show.

PRIZES INCREASED TO VALUE OVER £1,350

£750 "BULLETS" 1st PRIZE CASH plus BIRTHDAY WEEKEND for TWO

£50, £25 each plus Birthday Weekend

Birthday Weekend includes "Welcome to London" Party on Friday, November 5—Shopping Spree with £5 notes provided—Helicopter trip over London—Chat with "Mr. Mystery," whose voice is known to over 100,000,000 people—Sightseeing tour—Stalls at London Palladium and backstage chat with Norman Wisdom—Birthday Tea-party with novel entertainments.

OTHER PRIZES: £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 25 of £1—2,000 "Good Shots"

SEE TV NEWS BELOW

THIS WAY TO THE PARTY

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's Road	In Case Of Accidents
To Defend Freedom	Hutton And Co.
In This Push-button Age	Between Two Fires
The Art Of Marriage	Every Minute
October, November And	Dawdling And Dithering
Puppet Of Fate	By The Score
While She Works	A Little Titivating And
Leaving School	The Last Waltz
Frightened Man	Pompous Ass
Celebrated	Laughing His Head Off

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

A Broken	What The.....Think
With The Right.....	.....Like Blazes
Born To Be.....	Longing To....., But

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

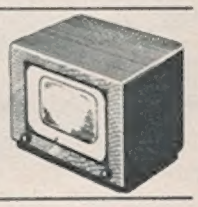
B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

£75 TV and BIRTHDAY CAKES as BONUSES

Choice of Television costing up to £75 for highest of 20 chief winners whose winning entry was one of FIVE or more *Bullets* on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet. Iced BIRTHDAY CAKE to other such winners.



1,956

Closing Postmark MON., OCTOBER 4

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

FINAL MONSTER BIRTHDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

GET YOUR "BULLETIN"—FOUR PAGES OF "BULLETS" AID

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated October 16. Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

769

Chief Winners No. 1,951

FIRST PRIZE, £500: Miss M. Smart, c/o Harrison, 10 Hurn Way, Christchurch, Hants:

One Of Today's Special Unrepeatable "Offers"—*Today*!

£25: R. Reid, 50 Westcraigs Road, Harthill, Lanarkshire: IN THE SUNSET'S GLOW—WE STROLLED—WE'RE TODDLING!

£10: A. W. Maskell, 36 Sandy Hill Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.18: JOB FOR MR. DILLYDALLY—LET'S MAKE GERMANY'S REARMAMENT!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: L. A. Marlow, 4 Glendale Gardens, Wembley: PRIDE IN THE JOB—REWARDED—PROUD OF *Mum*! £8: F. E. Morris, 4 Green End Cottage, Great Barford, Bedford: ONE OF TODAY'S PICTURES—"BOY RALEIGH"—WITH *Philip*. £7: G. Spencer, 44 St. Annes Road, Denton, Manchester: WAYWARD YOUTH—"LABELLED," EXHIBITED, JUDGED—"SHOWN"? £6: S. Jones, 12 Casson Street, Cowlersley, Huddersfield: RICHER LIFE—WE GO *Penniless* TO. £5 10s.: Mrs. A. Hughes, 246 Moorside Road, Swinton, Manchester: AT HIS LAST GASP—ERE MAN FAIR MAN? £5 5s.: R. C. Bingham, 56 Glebe Avenue, Mitcham: NOT FIT FOR A DOG—HIGHWAY—USE YOUR "COMMON"! £5: A. V. Richardson, 36 Drayton Road, Harlesden, London, N.W.10: FOOD OF THE GODS—OF WAR, FRENCH "COOKING"?

For the names of 40 further cheque winners, see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated October 23 and in JOHN BULL dated October 30), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 16, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,956 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,956, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

MOTOR CYCLISTS!

FIT THE TYRES WITH THE *Gold Seal*

GREATEST SERVICE
GREATEST STRENGTH
GREATEST SAVING
GREATEST SAFETY

Tested, proved and praised by motorists everywhere, Dunlop tyres with the Gold Seal are now available to motor cyclists! Stronger and more flexible casings for extra life and riding comfort, specially reinforced tread rubber to give miles more miles and rubber liners to guard against casing damage, the tyres with the Gold Seal—Dunlop Fort, Universal and Ribbed—are indeed the finest for everyday riding.

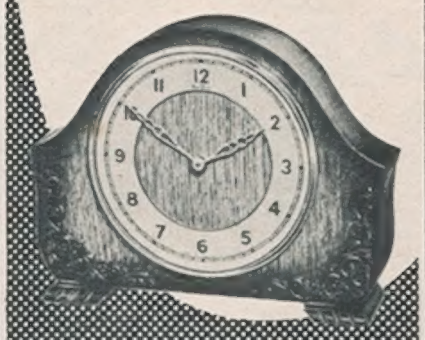
DUNLOP

FIRST CHOICE OF THE EXPERIENCED RIDER

494/223

EVERY BENTIMA clock is the logical result of British designer and craftsman working together to produce the very best. Each clock is tested through every stage of manufacture, timed to provide reliable timekeeping at reasonable price and fully GUARANTEED.

FROM LEADING JEWELLERS AND STORES



Mummy always keeps the Blue Box handy . .

DALMAS

PLASTER

WATERPROOF

FIRST-AID DRESSINGS

1/- PER TIN OR 2/6 FAMILY SIZE

also available

DALMAS ELASTIC FIRST-AID DRESSINGS 9d. & 1/6 PER TIN

Better Value in the Blue Box

MADE BY DALMAS LTD., LEICESTER & LONDON. EST. 1823 WP2

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Take home some Wall's there's such Variety!

Creamy chocolate ice cream made with sun-ripe cocoa beans—just one of the many real flavours that make Wall's Ice Cream such a joy to take home at sweet-time and treat-time . . . Yes, Wall's does offer you wonderful variety! Vanilla, Strawberry, Strawberry and Vanilla, Chocolate, Coffee—all in Family Bricks; and from time to time, each for a limited period, 'Specials' in Family Bricks and Tubs.

And remember: Wall's Popular Special **1/-** (Vanilla). Tubs **6d.** (Vanilla, Strawberry and Vanilla). Milk Choc Bars **6d.** Plain Choc bars **4d.** Strawberry and Vanilla Brickettes **4d.** Vanilla Brickettes **3d.**

Wrapped in a newspaper before you leave the shop, Wall's stays firm 2-3 hours.

AND FROM TIME TO TIME "Specials" EACH FOR A LIMITED PERIOD

PINEAPPLE

BANANA

BUTTERSCOTCH

AVAILABLE IN FAMILY BRICKS 1/6

AND TUBS 6D

ICE 361-80

T. WALL & SONS LTD., LONDON, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH